NOVEMBER 14, 1988 • $2.25

The Phony Politics Of Drugs—*The Editors*

How Macy's Got Shoplifted • The Soviet New Left • Bernard Shaw's Psychiatrist

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

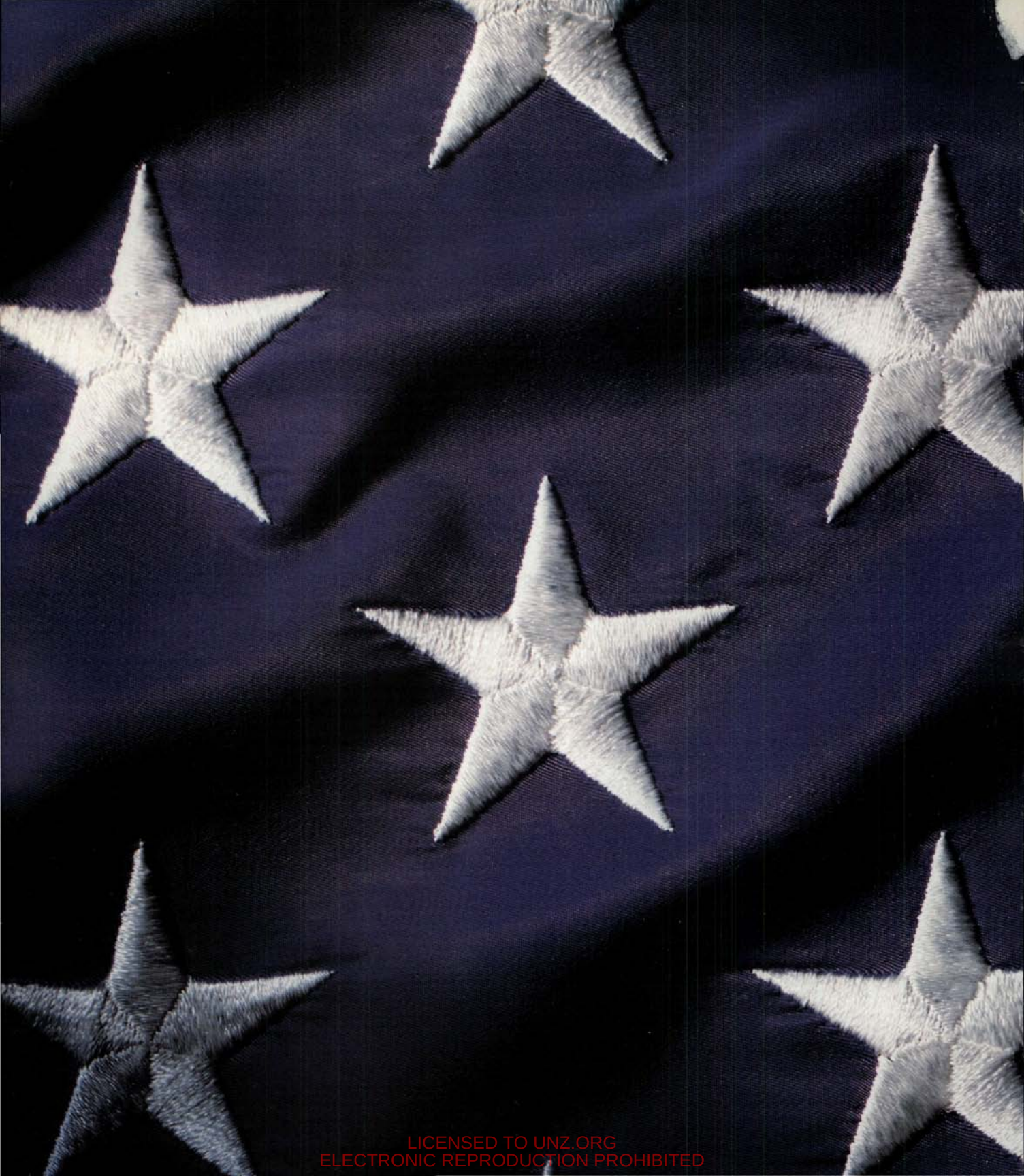
THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Lusts Of Edgar Degas

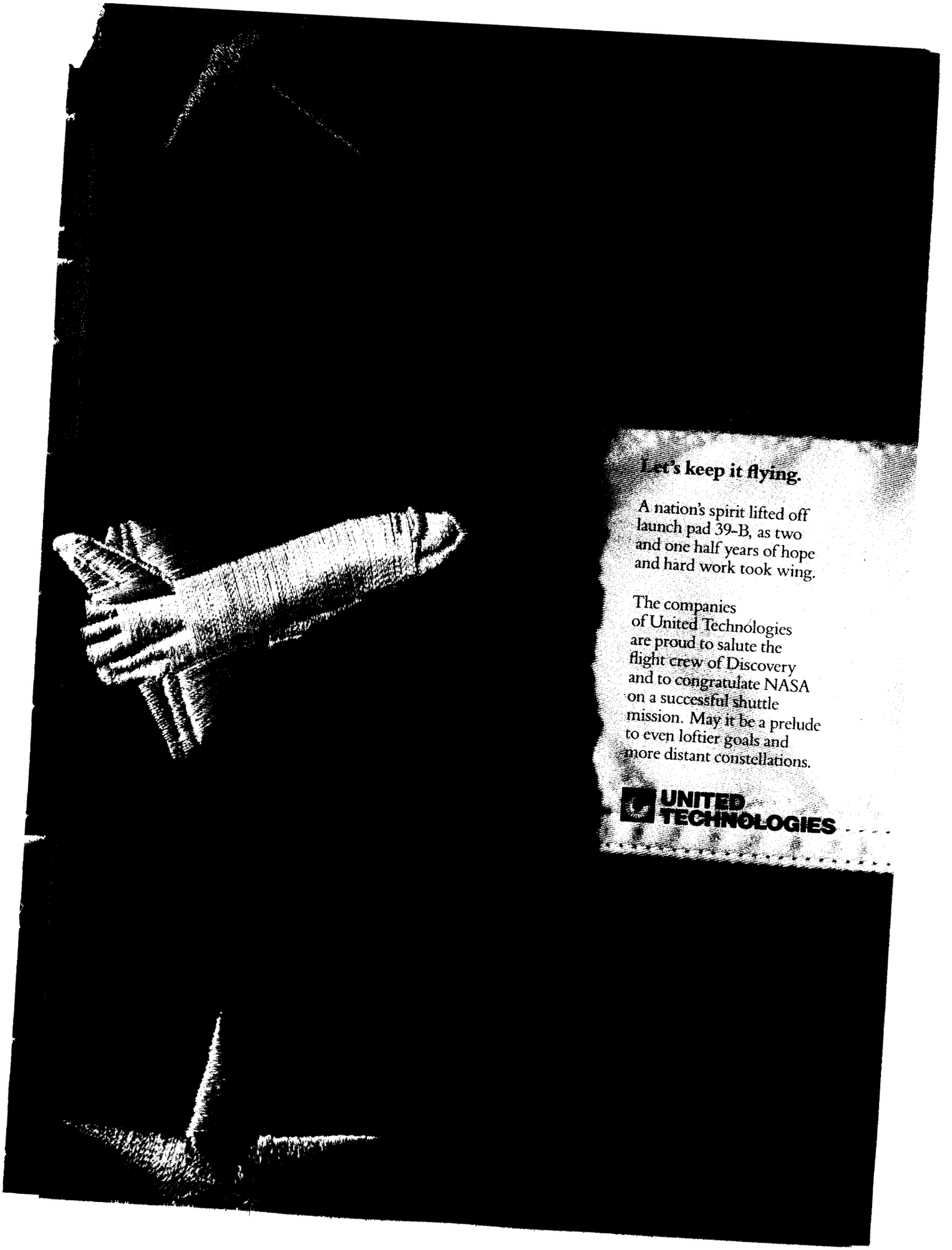
by John Updike

BIG SANDY PO BOX 111 TX 75766
ROY HAMMER LIB 42*RT
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
690976 LAB AOR00099 H458 JAN0
LABAOR00097
*7290**********3-DIGIT 75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Let's keep it flying.
A nation's spirit lifted off launch pad 39-B, as two and one half years of hope and hard work took wing.
The companies of United Technologies are proud to salute the flight crew of Discovery and to congratulate NASA on a successful shuttle mission. May it be a prelude to even loftier goals and more distant constellations.
UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

PANDORA'S BOX

George Bush says he disapproves of a leaflet distributed by the Illinois Republican Party, headlined: "All the murderers and rapists and drug pushers and child molesters in Massachusetts vote for Michael Dukakis." Perhaps he does. But this attempt to fine-tune the viciousness of his campaign, even if sincere, is unavailing. You can't adjust the dials of demagoguery with scientific precision. Bush set the tone, and protestations that his followers may have gotten a little carried away ring hollow.

Similarly, Bush denies that his campaign's relentless focus on furloughed black rapist Willie Horton is racist. He calls the Dukakis campaign's decision to fling this accusation "some desperation kind of move," which it surely is. But that doesn't answer the question whether Willie Hortonism is, in fact, racist. I think it is. As with campaign demagoguery in general, you can't open up Pandora's Box and then express sincere indignation when you get blamed for what pops out.

Let us begin by conceding that Bush himself is not a racist. But he's also not an idiot, and the nuances of Hortonism are not subtle. Perhaps Bush has seen *The Birth of a Nation*. If not, he should ask Ronald Reagan to describe the plot to him. Hortonism taps into a particularly thick vein of racial paranoia that is a quarter-inch below the surface of the white American consciousness. The Western consciousness in general, for that matter. If Bush is not merely free of this psychological taint, but actually oblivious to it, maybe Dan Quayle can loan him the Cliff's Notes for E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. Or he can catch the video version of Paul Scott's *The Jewel in the Crown* the next time it's repeated on PBS.

The Bush campaign strategists take justifiable pride in their sophisticated understanding of what's going on inside people's heads. It's impossible to imagine that when they sat around brainstorming months ago, and came up with the idea of making Willie Horton a centerpiece of their campaign—hardly an obvious or inevitable decision—they were unaware of the special power of the image of a black man raping a white woman. And it's impossible to imagine it didn't occur to them that this power would make their theme more effective. If it didn't also occur to them that by rubbing this cultural raw nerve they also would be inflaming it, they're pretty dense. In exploiting racial paranoia, you inevitably promote it as well.

Now, there's a difference, hallowed in law and philosophy, between knowing your action will have a certain consequence and intending that consequence. Perhaps, despite all the veiled talk about "the Bubba vote" (white Southerners), the racial angle played no part in the Bush people's calculations in creating the Willie Horton issue. Perhaps the Bush campaign would have made an equally big deal out of an obscure Massachusetts furlough program if Willie Horton had been white, or if his victims had been black. Perhaps the Bushies even would have preferred it that way. (All this leaning over backward is killing me.) So, the minimum question is: Should the Bush strategists have been expected to give up what has turned out to be an amazingly powerful campaign theme because their motives might be misinterpreted, or because of a racial innuendo they sincerely didn't intend?

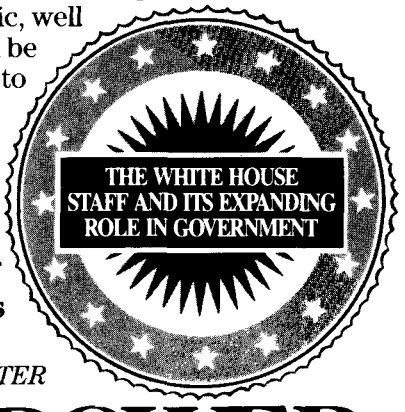
It's tempting to argue that racial offense should be eschewed whether intentional or not. But that's too high-minded and broadbrush a standard. In journalism, we face judgments like this all the time, on racial and other issues. As a general rule, it doesn't do to be overly prudish. There are too many people around who are (in the famous phrase) "masters of the fancied slight." You'll rarely say anything interesting or important if you let the most sensitive flowers, or the most hair-trigger offense-takers, have veto power. What's more, when it comes to self-censorship, these days the bonds of liberal etiquette (on matters such as race and sex) are far more irksome than the bonds of conservative etiquette (on matters such as dirty words and sex in the other sense).

However, Hortonism is not a question of unintentionally giving offense to blacks. It's a question of knowingly, whether intentionally or not, feeding ra-

continued on page 45

"A treat for all us presidency-watchers!" —*STEPHEN HESS, author of Organizing the Presidency*

"Instead of giving us another kiss-and-tell memoir, Bradley Patterson distills the accumulated experience of decades in a remarkably systematic, well written account. This book should be read...by every citizen who wants to know an important part of what it takes to make government work."
—*CONGRESSMAN RICHARD CHENEY*



"I know of no other book about the inner workings of the White House that begins to equal this account."
—*GENERAL ANDREW J. GOODPASTER*

THE RING OF POWER

BRADLEY H. PATTERSON, JR.

$19.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030. Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS **BASIC BOOKS, INC.** 10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

NOV 1 1988

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,852

WASHINGTON, D.C. — NOVEMBER 14, 1988

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN (on leave)
Acting Managing Editor
JAMES S. GIBNEY
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT (on leave), MORTON M. KONDRACKE, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, ROBERT WRIGHT
Associate Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN
New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN
1988 Politics
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD
Art
MARK STEVENS
Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Associate
ELDON S. SARTE
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Reporter-Researchers
JAMES BENNET, ZACHARY CITRON, DAVID KURAPKA, MICHAEL NEWMAN

President and Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Manager
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Circulation Assistant
KRISTIN CONRADI
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
BEATE HERNANDEZ
Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... PANDORA'S BOX
Is Willie Hortonism racist?

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Vietnam forgotten, catching tax cheats, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE QUACK EPIDEMIC
The election-year drug bill is yet another phony prescription. Here's our Rx.

NOTEBOOK
How to be a "moderate," Sullivan's principles, &c.

12 **FRED BARNES** ..... CAMPAIGN '88: BUSH'S MANDATE
He doesn't have one, but here's what it could have been.

14 **JEFFREY SACHS** ..... BAKER'S BANK BAILOUT
An ill-disguised $3.5 billion gift to Citicorp and friends.

18 **MICHAEL BLUMENTHAL** ..... THE ELOQUENCE GAP
These four guys don't just make you long for Kennedy. They make you long for Eisenhower.

19 **JAMES S. HENRY** ..... CAPITAL EXODUS
Money is draining out of Israel almost as fast as Americans are pouring it in.

22 **ZACHARY CITRON** ..... FLAGGING ENTHUSIASM
A survey of other nations' patriotic rituals puts the United States in some funny company.

23 **ELINOR J. BRECHER AND ROBERT T. GARRETT** ..... MARILYN'S THIEME
Another odd bird roosting in the Quayle family tree.

25 **MICHAEL M. LEWIS** ..... THE MONEY CULTURE: LEVERAGED RIP-OFF
How the management of Macy's shoplifted the whole company. A case study in what's wrong with leveraged buyouts.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: DEGREES OF REALITY
The street children of Bombay; a clueless Sherlock Holmes; *Bat 21*.

30 **JOHN UPDIKE** ..... RELUCTANT BUTTERFLY
With nervous energy and a dispassioned eye, Edgar Degas captures life's awkward moments, beautifully.

33 **WALTER LAQUEUR** ..... BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.
The Thinking Reed: Intellectuals and the Soviet State, 1917 to the Present by Boris Kagarlitski

38 **RICHARD JENKYNS** ..... THE DISTANT SHAW
Bernard Shaw: 1856-1898, The Search for Love by Michael Holroyd

41 **HONOR MOORE** ..... POEM *Sitting For Inge Morath*

42 **STEPHEN M. WALT** ..... INSIDE, OUTSIDE
The Fate of Nations by Michael Mandelbaum

46 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... KEEP OUT

COVER: *Dancer Posing for a Photograph* (1875) by Edgar Degas. Pushkin Fine Art Museum, Moscow. Article on page 30.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 199, Number 20, Issue 3,852, November 14, 1988. (Printed in the U.S. on October 26, 1988.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 18 & 25, Aug. 8 & 15, and Sept. 12 & 19, 1988) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1988 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

VIETNAM FORGOTTEN

To the editors:

I would like to add a footnote to Henry Fairlie's astute review of Richard N. Goodwin's self-serving *Remembering America* ("Little Richard," October 3). Although skeptical of Goodwin's quotations, Fairlie accepts "one interesting fact. Early in 1964 Johnson 'mused softly' to [Goodwin]: 'They're trying to get me into war over there. It will destroy me. I turned them down three times last week.' Goodwin muses in turn: 'Not Cuba. Laos or Vietnam, perhaps.' " Interesting, indeed. As it happens, Goodwin himself provides a slightly different version of this incident in a 1976 article he wrote for the *New York Times Magazine*.

In Goodwin's book, Johnson's musing follows a "historic swim" in the White House pool, in which Goodwin, Bill Moyers, and LBJ paddled about. In Goodwin's 1976 article, the White House swim does occur (although with four naked staffers present), but the soft musing is done at LBJ's ranch, and the quote is different: " 'They're trying to get me in a war over there,' Johnson said to a group of us at the ranch in early 1964. 'I turned them down three times last week. It's a mistake, but they keep trying.' Despite the obvious exaggeration of his own resistance, Johnson was to be seriously handicapped by the fact that he had—in the name of 'continuity'—kept in office men already committed to the mortal significance of the American stake in Vietnam."

In the 1976 version, Goodwin seems to have no doubt that Johnson was talking about Vietnam, and Johnson himself sees only "a mistake" avoided, not his own future destruction. Goodwin writes in his book that his experience in public life "is recalled as honestly as fallible memory permits." He should have written that his experience is recalled more accurately than fallible memory permits. More accurately—and less honestly.

ROBERT K. LANDERS
Arlington, Virginia

TAXING LIMITATIONS

To the editors:

James S. Henry writes about the amount of revenue to be reaped from more effective tax law enforcement ("Rich Pickings," October 10) and argues that "the current statute of limitations for civil [tax] fraud is just three years. . . . Why these statutes should be so short is a good question." A better question is why Henry didn't check the tax law. The statute of limitations is extended indefinitely in the case of civil fraud (as defined in Section 6653(b) of the Internal Revenue Code). The three-year statute of limitations applies *only* where the taxpayer has not committed any fraud, civil or criminal.

BRAD J. SHERMAN
Los Angeles, California

James S. Henry replies:

Mr. Sherman is correct that the statute of limitations for civil fraud is not three years. But as a practical matter, the three-year statute is what makes the difference. Civil and criminal fraud penalties are applied in a trivial number of cases, even under the "eternal" statute. Criminal fraud prosecutions number fewer than 8,000 a year; an IRS study showed only 21,000 civil penalties were assessed from 1975 to '78. Most of the millions of other penalties assessed each year by the IRS are for acts that do not meet the tests for fraud.

Most "tax cheating" is made up of widely distributed misbehavior that is, at worst, negligent. In the aggregate, the sums involved are huge. I presented a different measure of the cost of evasion, one unaffected by Mr. Sherman's correction—the "evader debt." But the amount per cheater is tiny, and many cases would not be cost-effective to investigate. And the three-year statute wipes most of it off the books anyway.

STARING INDECISIVENESS

To the editors:

Paul Gewirtz's lawyerlike refusal to abandon any theoretical line of defense—in this case, the contention that the holding in *Runyon* v. *McCrary* "was not 'clearly' wrong"—prevents him from addressing the very issues that make the case an interesting one ("Reverse Discrimination," October 24). The idea that Congress in 1866 could have intended to pass a federal law forbidding private racial discrimination, as a means of assuring to all persons "the same right to make and

continued on page 44

"YOU'RE RIDICULOUS!"
—J. Danforth Quayle to Robert Scheer, reported in *The Washington Post*, 10/10/88

© E. Sorel

THINKING TUNA FISH, TALKING DEATH
Essays on the Pornography of Power by Robert Scheer

"Robert Scheer can catapult an exchange into the shouting stage quicker than anybody since Huey Long."—William F. Buckley, Jr.

"This is a perfectly wonderful book by one of the best reporters of our time." —Joan Didion

HILL AND WANG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 14, 1988

THE QUACK EPIDEMIC

The drug bill passed by the House and Senate in the final hours of the 100th Congress could have been worse. It could have prescribed execution for drug "kingpins," as an earlier version did, rather than specifying that these kingpins must commit an actual murder to be sentenced to death. It could have denied federal funds to companies that fail to ensure a "drug-free workplace," as a proposed amendment to the bill would have done. And it could have retained a provision allowing police to make "good faith" drug searches without warrants. Given that this is an election year (the only reason the bill even exists), Congress could have succumbed much more abjectly to the authoritarian impulses typically aroused by discussion of the drug problem.

Notwithstanding these virtues, this bill brings us no closer to a coherent strategy in the war on drugs. U.S. drug policy continues to consist of several distinct components that, to the extent they're connected at all, are connected by contradictions.

1. *The victims-of-global-society mentality*. When politicians talk about attacking the drug problem at its "source," they're not talking about healing some moral defect underlying rampant hedonism, or easing the poverty that is the context of much drug abuse. They're talking about killing poppies and coca plants abroad. And they mean business. The United States has threatened to cut aid to Pakistan unless it spends more of its law enforcement resources wiping out opium refineries. And the State Department has long denied aid to Burmese rebels, who espouse democracy and oppose a totalitarian regime, on grounds that they make money from the opium trade.

The subordination of foreign policy to drug policy, intrinsically questionable, appears even more dubious in view of its failure thus far to reduce noticeably the influx of drugs. A more likely effect is to damage further the already endangered notion of individual responsibility by suggesting that the drug problem isn't really our fault, but rather the fault of foreign farmers. Moreover, globalizing the war on drugs gives weight to the worst Third World stereotypes about American exploitation and arrogance. For generations, South American Indians have chewed coca leaves much the way we drink coffee. We came along, offered to buy some of the stuff, and then decided to punish them for selling it to us. (Meanwhile, U.S. trade officials work hard to open foreign markets to American tobacco companies, which then launch state-of-the-art marketing campaigns aimed at getting lots of people, notably millions of Asian teenagers, addicted to nicotine.) Actually, the countries we blame for our addiction to drugs could more plausibly blame us for *their* drug problem: our bourgeois craving for chemical highs has nurtured underworld mobs—in Colombia, for example—powerful enough to subvert an entire nation's political integrity.

2. *Supply-side theory*. Laudably, this year's drug bill doesn't toughen existing laws that call for economic sanctions against drug-producing nations. Instead, it calls for closer international police cooperation and the like. But what of the larger question? That is, even if we *could* cut the supply of incoming drugs without severely burdening our foreign policy and our treasury, would a supply-side approach make sense? Politicians usually answer yes, and this year is no exception; the drug bill puts more money into border interdiction and stiffens penalties for traffickers (death is about as stiff as you can get). But there are good reasons not to answer yes lightly.

When supply-side policy is effective, it drives up drug prices, a manifestation of the reduced availability that is the policy's goal. But experience shows that it takes a lot of government dollars to raise prices much. (The stepped-up interdiction program that George Bush supposedly oversaw as vice president has accompanied a marked *reduction* in cocaine prices.) Besides, drug users—especially addicts, as distinguished from recreational users—aren't especially price-sensitive. Indeed, if the most alarmist drug warriors are to be believed, crack addicts will do

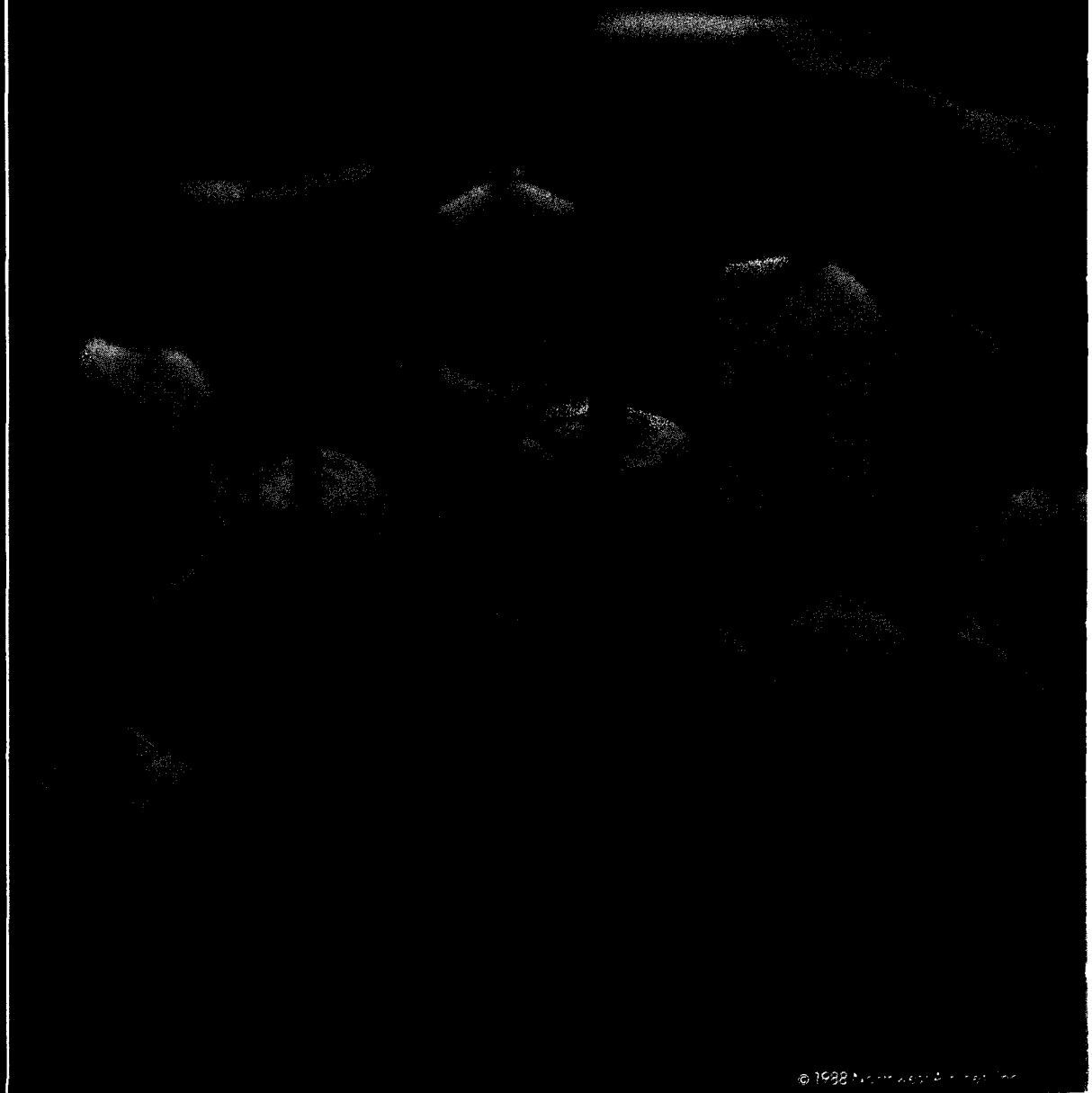
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WISHED
FOR IN A FREQUENT FLYER PROGRAM.

Wouldn't it be great to get a free domestic trip after only 20,000 miles? Or a free trip to Europe after just 40,000 miles? Or even a free trip to the Far East after just 60,000 miles? Wishful thinking? No, these are just some of the awards you get with Northwest WORLDPERKS, the best frequent flyer program around.

And now it's even better with the FLY-WRITE™ ticket, the mileage award that's automatically issued every 20,000 miles and is good for travel anywhere in the contiguous U.S. With the new FLY-WRITE ticket, you just make a reservation, then you literally write your own ticket, go right to the gate and take off.

So enroll in WORLDPERKS on your next flight. It's your every wish come true.



© 1988 Northwest Airlines, Inc.

LOOK TO US NORTHWEST AIRLINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything to get their drugs, whatever the price. So more expensive drugs, in theory, should make crackheads steal more—not to mention that the higher prices, by making the drug trade more lucrative, attract viciously aggressive drug-dealing syndicates. It is odd, at best, to see Congress respond to popular fears of mob warfare and desperate crack addicts by giving mobs more valuable turf to fight over and making crack addicts more desperate.

3. *Demand-side theory, version one.* The alternative to (or complement of) supply-side policy is, naturally, demand-side policy. There are two demand-side approaches, both aimed at scaring people. One is to educate them about the medical bad effects of drug abuse, and the other is to make the legal bad effects of drug use more severe by toughening penalties or raising the probability of getting caught. The new drug bill takes both tracks, putting more money into education and providing harsher punishment even for minor drug possession. Unfortunately, both tracks can lead to trouble.

The trouble with the punitive approach to demand reduction is that lots of Americans use illegal drugs. Some are destroying their lives. Others are marginally damaging their lives, somewhat as a user of legal drugs might ruin each Saturday morning with a hangover. Others aren't suffering at all; with exemplary self-restraint, they manage to indulge only rarely and moderately in marijuana or even a more seductive drug, like cocaine. All told, tens of millions of people fall into one of these categories. When the population of "criminals" is that large, it's essentially impossible to make their likelihood of getting caught high enough to deter the crime. (Unless, that is, you want to employ the sort of neofascist tactics favored by President Reagan, such as random drug testing at workplaces everywhere.) Besides, defining as criminal behavior something that much or most of the population has done undermines the authority of the law generally.

The drug bill's mode of punishment is creative: users of even small amounts of marijuana will now be subject to the suspension of federal benefits, such as college loans and public housing occupancy. Bear in mind that the bill also provides increased funding for rehabilitation programs. So the message is mixed: Uncle Sam is more willing than ever to help a drug user back on his feet, provided that getting back on his feet doesn't involve college education or having a place to live.

4. *Demand-side theory, version two.* The drug bill pours much more money into drug education, reaffirming the fact that everyone's favorite weapon in the war on drugs is knowledge. After all, what could be bad about anti-drug education? For starters, the following.

Permeating the anti-drug materials that flood the schools is the idea that teens take drugs and get drunk to please their peers or get their parents' attention. Rarely, if ever, will you find a hint of the truth: people take drugs because drugs feel good. Thus, educational pamphlets typically describe a cocaine high as a state of agitation (with the risk of heart palpitations prominently noted) followed by steep depression, when in fact first-users often report that the effects are barely perceptible—a subtle elation that subtly subsides. It's this very subtlety that makes the drug insidious, and gradually leads the user into a world of sharp mood swings, even outright psychosis.

Just about every teenager in America, through either personal experience or the testimony of peers, knows that taking drugs can be fun. We're not suggesting that high school health teachers stress this point. But any source of information that actively denies it won't maintain its credibility for long, and may do more harm than good.

Can a truly honest message about drugs be driven home without perversely encouraging drug experimentation? We don't know—and that's really our point. For all the money being spent on drug education, there's been very little solid inquiry into what sort of education works. The Nancy Reagan "just say no" campaign? The souped-up, sophisticated "impact" ads (you know, the ones with the egg and the frying pan and the voiceover that says, "This is your brain, this is drugs, this is your brain on drugs")? Videotapes of the government-invented rock group called The Jets doing their smash hit, "Be Smart! Don't Start"? There's no telling. Our guess, and our hope, is that, when the results are in, the winning formula will be much like the formula that has cut cigarette use sharply: give people accurate information about the risks and trust them.

THE STRATEGY scorecard for the war on drugs, then, is not inspiring. Supply-side policy has few demonstrated successes, and it may actually encourage crimes against person and property. Demand-side policy is also deficient: its punitive variant is impractical, possibly counterproductive, and sometimes (as in widespread workplace drug testing) un-American; its educational variant is a huge question mark. In short, in the war on drugs, virtually nothing demonstrably works in an acceptable fashion.

This sort of frank, depressing analysis has led a small but vocal coalition to push for the legalization of drugs. It's a tempting prospect: no more drug-gang warfare, fewer addicts stealing for their next fix, a tax-revenue bonanza. Unfortunately, legalization requires a faith in human nature that everyday experience with human beings doesn't warrant. Most people are capable of rational, mature, and farsighted behavior, to be sure, but few are capable of it all the time. Having cocaine and heroin sitting next to the Molson's at the liquor store is bound to ruin lots of lives and hugely complicate many others.

For that reason, selling drugs must remain a criminal offense. For the same reason, simple possession must remain illegal, too. Buying and using drugs should be inconvenient, a little scary, and laden with reminders that society as a whole disapproves. But there is no clear reason that simple possession should be treated much more seriously than breaking the speed limit. Speeding is a social problem we keep within acceptable bounds at an acceptable cost, both social and economic. There's also no clear reason to pour billions into interdiction efforts that, to the extent that they work at all, make the drug trade more lucrative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The logic behind legalization is worth following—so long as we don't follow it all the way to legalization.

All of this gets us back to education—not just the last, but perhaps the only, truly American defense against drugs. To its credit, the drug bill spends half of its promised $2.8 billion (only $500 million of which is actually available) on treatment and education, a markedly higher portion than has been the norm. What would have been nice is explicit insistence that most of the money be spent figuring out which forms of education work and which don't.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE M-WORD: Alan Cowell reports in the *New York Times* (October 20) that Yasir Arafat visited with King Hussein of Jordan and President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt in order "to link the PLO with a bloc of moderate Arab nations." In the very next sentence, Cowell reports deadpan that Arafat and Mubarak then went to visit President Saddam Hussein of Iraq. Hussein's barbaric regime is often identified as "moderate." Given Iraq's use of poison gas against the Iranians and its own Kurds and Shiites—just the most recent addition to its long record of crimes against neighbors and internal dissidents—what would qualify Iraq as "extreme"? In fact, this stuff about Arafat's search for moderates is mostly guff. We wrote in September, when King Hussein filed for divorce from the Palestinians, that the PLO's momentary euphoria of emancipation from the bond with Jordan would soon turn into panic. The Palestinian national movement is practically too precarious and ideologically too incomplete to go it alone. This is why—so soon after the PLO was set free to do for the Palestinians what it had always said it wanted to do—Arafat is back, kefiyeh in hand, begging the king for cover and support. This is something of a triumph for the long-abused Hashemite monarchy. But it also may be a trap. King Hussein is back in the diplomatic picture, but the PLO is unlikely to let this truly moderate monarch make any meaningful diplomacy. What Jordan might extract from Israel is a heavily dependent Palestinian mini-state in the West Bank and Gaza. Even this would be conditioned on the disavowal by all PLO elements—including Arafat's internal rivals—of the aim still sworn to in the territories and in the camps: *min al nahr ila al bahr*, a Palestinian state extending "from the [Jordan] river to the sea." Arafat is neither brave enough nor realistic enough to bring these tidings to his people. In these circumstances King Hussein's assignment may be an impossible one.

□ THE QUAYLE WATCH: Journalistic conventional wisdom holds that journalistic conventional wisdom—whether correct or otherwise—always reverses itself. The press can't keep writing the same thing day after week after month; eventually, someone will make a conceptual breakthrough and lead the charge in the opposite direction. This iron law of the media may be about to face its ultimate test. Can journalists keep writing indefinitely that Dan Quayle is a moron, just because he is one? We doubt it. Assuming that Bush/Quayle win the election, readers are asked to start keeping an eye out for revisionist Quayle stories, reporting newfound depths of wisdom, unexpected insights, and—extra points—growth in the job. Hugh Sidey doesn't count. Examples will be reported in this space, with credit.

□ LIMITED TIME OFFER:

Iran Offers To Accept Iraqi Kurds

—*Washington Post*, October 16

Iran Is Said to Close Its Border to Iraqi Kurds

—*New York Times*, same day

(thanks to several readers)

□ THE WRATH OF GOD:

Aguirre May Walk Out of Camp

—*San Francisco Chronicle*, October 13

Aguirre denies he may walk out

—*San Jose Mercury News*, same day

(thanks to Faxon H. Bishop, San Jose, California)

□ ATTENTION INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU:

Spy for S. Africa Called Reserved

Md. Neighbors Recall Bespectacled Man Sometimes Wore Toupee

—*Washington Post*, October 13

(thanks to J. W. Struble, Fairfax, Virginia)

□ YES, WE KNOW HOW THEY FEEL:

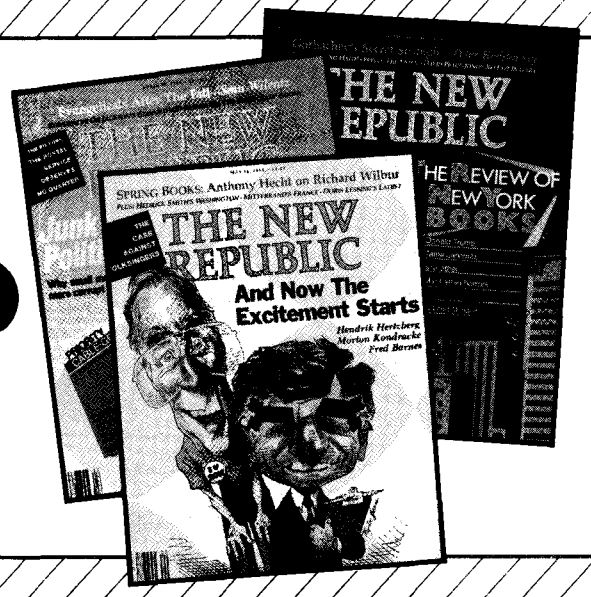
Reactions mixed regarding end of world

—*Daily Beacon* (University of Tennessee), September 12

(thanks to Barbara Hardy, Knoxville, Tennessee)

□ SULLIVAN'S PRINCIPLES: There is nothing so impolite in established liberal circles as pointing to evidence of mainstream black anti-Semitism. It is a phenomenon, we are constantly reassured, only on the leftward fringes of the black community. Now syndicated columnist Eric Breindel has provided yet more proof of just how mainstream the black indulgence of Jew-hatred has become. The Rev. Leon Sullivan, pastor of Philadelphia's Zion Baptist Church, is the author of the famous "Sullivan Principles," a codification of norms for American corporations doing business in South Africa. The standards are not all that exacting, and Sullivan has long been under fire from more militant people as a Tom. He isn't, but he is one of the dozen or so men and women who function in our society as an official black—the modern equivalent of the specially protected court Jew of the Middle Ages. In this role he serves as a director of General Motors and board member

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SMART GIFT

The nation's hottest journal of politics, ideas and culture, *THE NEW REPUBLIC* makes an enlightening gift.

For someone who shares your quest for intelligent, provocative reading, there's no better way to say "Happy Holidays."

A welcome challenge for curious minds, your gift of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* will compliment your friends . . . and remind them of your thoughtfulness throughout the year.

Your friends will appreciate *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for the same reasons you do. And you'll appreciate our special holiday rates.

SENSATIONAL SAVINGS

$56 for the first gift (or your own renewal)

$32 for each additional gift— a sensational savings of 70% off the $2.25 cover price!

Special Holiday Rates!

1-800 241-1522

THE NEW REPUBLIC Gift Subscription Form

GIFT FOR

NAME _____ MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

☐ Include my own subscription at special holiday rates: ☐ New ☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Attractive gift cards will be sent in your name. NEW gifts begin with 1st January issue. Renewed subscriptions take effect after current subscription expires.

MAIL TO: **THE NEW REPUBLIC P.O. Box 52333 Boulder, CO 80321-2333**

LICENSED TO MECORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Mellon Bank. Sullivan is not black mainstream; he's black establishment. Yet Sullivan, Breindel reports, has invited Minister Louis Farrakhan, surely the country's leading black crackpot anti-Semite, to preach from his pulpit. Sullivan was not motivated by First Amendment concerns: Farrakhan has no trouble lining up venues for his demagoguery. Sullivan did this because he thought Farrakhan's message "is very much needed in Philadelphia" and because of his own "very high regard for him."

□ MIDST LAURELS STOOD: Meanwhile, at the University of Massachusetts—plumb in the middle of a week-long series of activities dedicated to the theme of racial harmony—it has been announced that Farrakhan has been invited (for a fee of $11,000) to speak under the auspices of the school's Distinguished Visitors Program, at the initiative of a black fraternity. Black students and faculty members have been complaining for years about bigotry on the Amherst campus and have asked for money and activities to quell racial tensions. This invitation demonstrates just how unserious and hypocritical they are. And you don't have to be a black anti-Semite, either, to enjoy academic glory. Brown University last week bestowed on Gore Vidal the honorary degree of doctor of humane letters. We doubt that he deserves this honor even as a novelist (see "The Bad and the Ugly" by Andrew Delbanco, TNR, September 14 & 21, 1987). But, literary debates aside, honorary degrees do not pay tribute only to a career. They are supposed to recognize the ethical message of the life and of the work. In recent years Vidal has become obsessed with Jews, whom he sees as disloyal and manipulative outsiders in American life. (See "Patriotic Gore," TNR, April 28, 1986.) Vidal has put this obsession into his writing, which is his right. But it is not right for a university—particularly one that not so long ago had a quota against Jews—to say to its students that Gore Vidal is so exemplary that he merits its official praise. If Gore Vidal is an exemplar of anything, it is of racial and ethnic xenophobia. Brown's bottomless appetite for self-promotion has embarrassed it once again. Brown is getting a new president, Vartan Gregorian, in the spring. Maybe the changing of the guard will help.

CAMPAIGN '88

BUSH'S MANDATE

IF HE'S ELECTED, George Bush will have only himself to blame for the fact that folks snicker at the mention of a "Bush mandate." He's exploited lots of issues—Willie Horton, national security, the ACLU, capital punishment—but they don't amount to a presidential agenda, much less a mandate. "Aside from no new taxes, I don't know that I'd call any of them a mandate," says Deborah Steelman, Bush's issues director. Another campaign official says a Bush mandate would also include "every school kid in the U.S. reciting the Pledge of Allegiance every day." In a Bush era, insists a Bush aide, there'd be a bias in favor of his approach to child care and other issues that elicited concrete proposals from him and Michael Dukakis. "His winning means we go his way [on those], not the Democratic way," the aide says.

NO MATTER how you package it, that's not much of a mandate. This should worry Bush and his advisers, since his ability to govern effectively is at stake. Ronald Reagan was all the more powerful in his first nine months as president because he asked for things he'd run on—a tax rate reduction, more military spending, budget cuts. Congress complied. But why would Congress knuckle under to Bush on issues he's scarcely referred to during the campaign? Congress won't. Jim Wright will argue, persuasively enough, that Democratic majorities in the House and Senate have as much of a mandate as the new president. Bush will be a eunuch on his honeymoon.

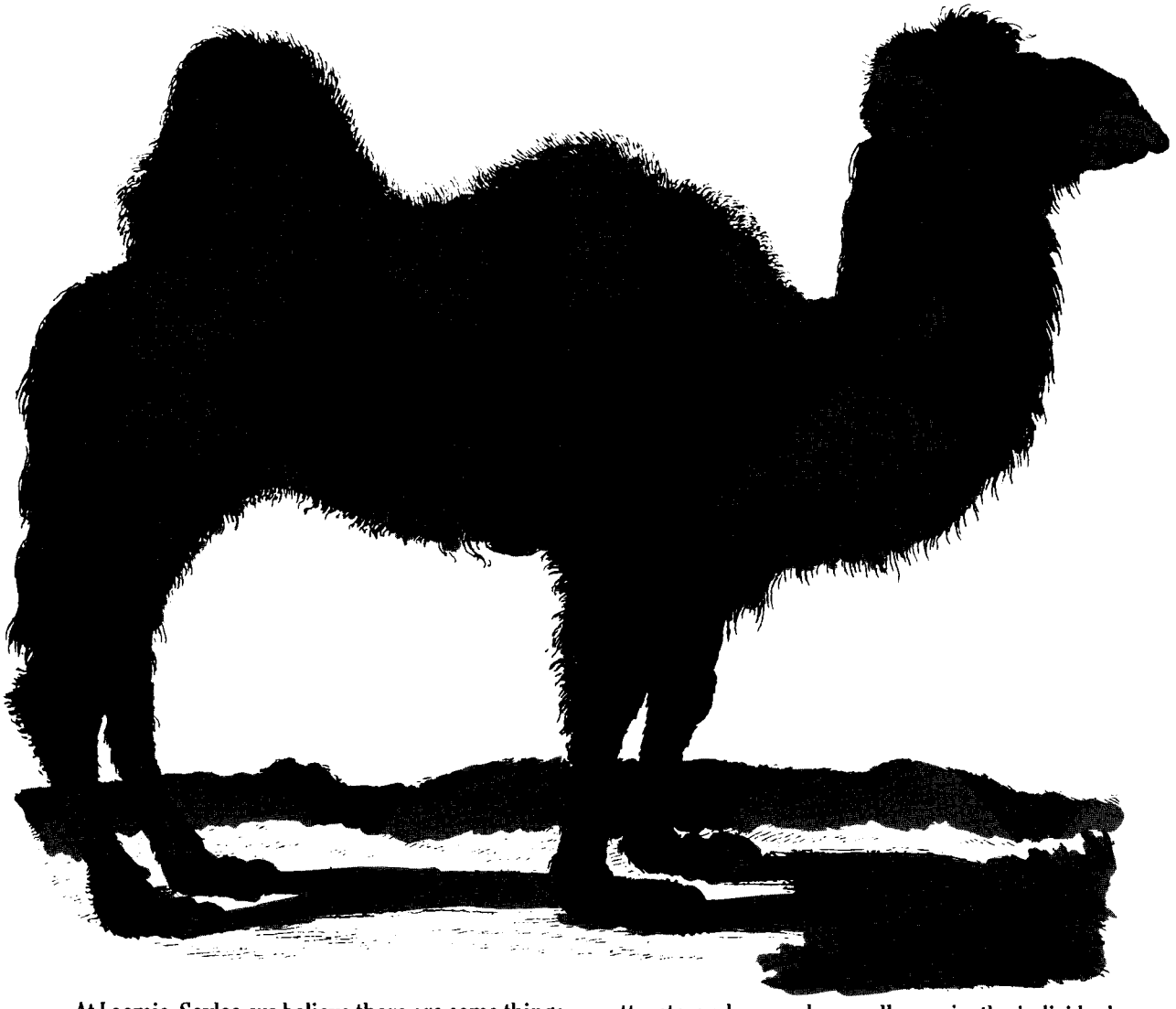
Bush could change this in the last week of the campaign. All he need do is declare himself on a few big issues. He could tell voters what specifically they'd get with him as president and how that differs from what they'd get with Dukakis. Chances are, he'd win anyway, maybe in a landslide. So he wouldn't be taking a big risk. But campaign staffs balk at even small risks. When I suggested to Steelman that Bush go for a mandate, she said it's too late in the campaign for that. Then she offered her real objection: "If we'd done that for the last six months, we'd have less of a chance to win than we do." Anything that reduces the odds on winning is bad.

Maximizing the margin of victory won't strengthen President Bush. Congress won't be any more compliant if Bush gets 56 percent instead of 52 percent. Reagan bulldozed Congress after getting 51 percent in 1980 but was roughed up on Capitol Hill after winning 59 percent in 1984. The difference was that Reagan laid out a specific program in 1980. What Bush needs to do is talk up the ideas around which a new coalition in Congress might gather. Knocking off two or three Democratic senators would help too.

True, Bush can't have a Reagan-like mandate. But he can gain some leverage with Congress. Bush, for example, hasn't asked the voters to endorse his concept of federal judges. In the second debate with Dukakis, he was hesitant to support Robert Bork. He doesn't have to promise to nominate Bork again, but he ought to explain why he likes Bork's judicial approach. A group of Washington attorneys provided him recently with a study of state judges appointed by Dukakis. Bush should draw the contrast between them and the sort of conservative judges he favors. Candor would do wonders: "Vote for me and you'll get conservative judges who will free authorities to crack down on pornography, let states outlaw abortions, etc." This might actually attract voters on November 8, but that's not what matters. Bush needs the votes of senators once he starts replacing the octogenarians on the Supreme Court.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Believe Letting More Than One Person Handle Your Pension Investment Is Like Having A Committee Design A Horse.



At Loomis, Sayles, we believe there are some things in life better left in the hands of the individual. And pension fund investments are certainly one of them.

Which is why at Loomis, Sayles, we give our portfolio managers authority to exercise their individual judgment and expertise. Because along with that authority comes responsibility, which, in turn, gives way to a sense of accomplishment, and an energy of surprising intensity.

It's an investment approach that attracts and rewards excellence in the individual.

It's an approach that allows our managers to take advantage of sudden changes and opportunities in the market. Without waiting for a committee response.

It's an approach that, with the backing of our extensive resources, has achieved over $22 billion in assets currently under management.

And for those corporations perceptive enough to realize the benefits of individualized management, it's an approach that may be right for you.

Loomis, Sayles & Company
Investment Counsel Since 1926

Boston Chicago Detroit Memphis Milwaukee New York Pasadena Philadelphia San Francisco Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Bush campaign, a handful of aides are pressing for Bush to play up judicial appointments. But he's opened a lead over Dukakis by using other issues, so there's a built-in reluctance to try something new. Even bolder is the strategy, again favored by a few aides, of trying to defeat Democratic senators certain to oppose President Bush. Senators Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, Paul Sarbanes of Maryland, and Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey come to mind. The argument against attacking them is that they're ahead, substantially ahead in the case of Metzenbaum and Sarbanes. Bush would be embarrassed if they won in the face of his efforts. But no guts, no glory. If Bush is serious about governing, he's got to be audacious or he'll never have a friendly coalition in Congress. He'll be stuck with stalemate.

TO THEIR CREDIT, campaign chairman Jim Baker and Richard Darman, the brains behind Baker, are receptive to the notion that Bush must use the final days of the campaign to shore up his ability to govern. What risks they'll be willing for Bush to take is unclear, but they know what the problem is. Baker and Darman have talked extensively with Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, the point man for conservatives who want Bush to get explicit. Gingrich says it's understandable the Bushies are leery of another 1960 or 1976, when Republicans lost close presidential elections. "If they have to choose between a mandate and 1976 or 1960, they're not going to risk losing," he says. But that's not the choice. Bush is far enough ahead to take some risks.

Gingrich has quizzed Republican pollsters, conservative activists in Washington, and his colleagues in the House. And he's come up with an agenda for Bush. One purpose, he says, is to make both Congress and the press recognize that voters made a "fundamental choice" in picking Bush over Dukakis. Otherwise, they'll "find any other excuse," particularly that Bush won because he's a ruthless campaigner, more personable, and has cleverer strategists. Gingrich says the Bush campaign should draw a choice between "the Dukakis left-wing team and the Bush right-wing team." Only Bush himself can give this choice high visibility.

The Gingrich plan calls for Bush to tout three "big issues" and three "littles." They aren't created from whole cloth, he says, but are pieced together as legislative packages from statements made (or hinted at) in Bush speeches. Now, Bush has to "repeat" them with an eye toward early votes in Congress. The first would attack the deficit by giving Bush new authority to control spending (enhanced recision power, the right to shut down obsolete military installations, etc.). Bush would contend that voting against the package is "to vote for tax increases." The second package would be a kind of Freedom Fighters Support Act that puts the Reagan Doctrine of aiding anti-communist rebels in legislative form. Drafting this would be tricky, but Gingrich says the idea came from Baker. The third would be a catchall of conservative proposals to "empower the poor." These include Bush's child-care tax credits for families earning less than $20,000, tenant ownership of public housing, enterprise zones, reform of inner-city schools, and tough anti-crime measures.

Bush's job wouldn't be to dwell on the details of the proposals, but to preach the general themes. On aiding the poor, Bush would emphasize "breaking up the corrupt welfare state." On promoting freedom fighters, he'd stress the choice between a strong, assertive defensive and the opposite. And so on. The themes wouldn't be new, but linking them to legislative packages would be.

The smaller issues recommended by Gingrich are designed to knit together a new congressional coalition. It would be "substantially less boll weevil and more asphalt and concrete." In other words, Bush would go after Democrats from the Northern industrial belt interested in pork barrel like highways, sewers, and airports, not the Southern Democrats whom Reagan attracted. To get them, Bush should call for spending money on "infrastructure," normally a Democratic buzzword, says Gingrich. He should also talk about expanding exports to improve the job climate in manufacturing states. And Bush should ballyhoo his environmental concerns and pledge to appoint conservative judges.

Bush has been urged by Gingrich to keep the pictures of two Republican presidents on his desk. One is William Howard Taft, who "failed to manage the political dynamics of the country" in spite of prosperity. The other is Herbert Hoover, who let the economy falter. If Bush doesn't utilize the final days of the campaign as a "prelude" for what he does in the first months of his presidency, he may emulate one or both of them, according to Gingrich. "It'll be very, very painful."

I've got my own test of whether Bush is serious about governing as well as winning. In state after state, Bush phone banks have worked up lists of hundreds of thousands of voters who plan to vote for Bush but also for a Democratic senator. The Bush campaign has the names of 30,000 to 50,000 of these folks in Ohio alone. If Bush really wants to knock off Democratic senators and isn't anxious about losing a bit of his popular vote, he'll instruct his campaign not to call those voters back on November 8 with a get-to-the-polls pitch. I'm not holding my breath.

FRED BARNES

A $3.5 billion gift.

BAKER'S BANK BAILOUT

ON OCTOBER 17 the U.S. Treasury announced a $3.5 billion loan to Mexico, to act as a financial bridge to new World Bank lending to Mexico now being arranged for next year. The move was widely hailed as diplomatically astute, a vote of confidence by the United States for the incoming Mexican administration of Carlos

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY SEDAN FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T CONSIDER ANY OF THEIR INCOME DISPOSABLE.

Before you buy a luxury car that could drive you to the poor house, we suggest you read a report called *The Complete Car Cost Guide*.

Compiled by an independent research firm, the guide is an exhaustive cost analysis of over 500 different cars from around the world.

© 1988 VOLVO NORTH AMERICA CORPORATION.

The bottom line: based on purchase price, projected resale value and estimated operating cost over a five year period, Volvo 740 Series cars were rated among the best overall economic values in their class.* A class which includes some formidable competition, including the Acura Legend, Lincoln Town Car and BMW 325.

These results simply confirm what we've said all along. The Volvo 740 is the luxury automobile for people who recognize the difference between spending money, and burning it.

*Luxury cars under $25,000 as determined by IntelliChoice, Inc., San Jose, Ca. Projections made for 1988 model year automobiles. Actual resale value may vary based on condition, mileage, model, options, method of sale and other factors. See an authorized Volvo dealer for details.

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salinas de Gortari. The loan, it was said, would help smooth Mexico's political transition in a period of falling living standards, political uncertainty, and intensifying financial constraints.

As a short-run gesture, the Treasury action was no doubt clever. In return for the $3.5 billion, the incoming Mexican government is likely to follow U.S. policy on Mexico's foreign debt to the international banks (i.e., the Mexicans will keep paying the banks, at least for a while). Viewed more broadly, however, the loan is yet another cynical and shortsighted gambit in the Reagan administration's failed policy of "managing" the Latin American debt crisis, a policy Vice President Bush has already declared that he will maintain if elected.

THE DEBT policy was designed by former Treasury Secretary James Baker III, who is odds-on favorite to be Bush's secretary of state. In the past four years, Baker has graciously put American foreign policy at the disposal of America's largest banks. The so-called Baker plan has evolved into a combination of bullying Latin American countries to keep paying their impossibly high debts while at the same time using taxpayer dollars to make sure that the big banks don't suffer losses on their bad loans to the region. The $3.5 billion loan to Mexico is not mainly for Mexico's benefit, but for Citicorp's. It is a taxpayer-financed bribe to Mexico to continue paying interest to the U.S. banks, on debts that are too large for Mexico to carry.

Baker's system works like this. First, the Treasury strongarms countries like Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico into paying what they can on their debts to the foreign banks, to the point of economic breakdown (with collapsing living standards throughout Latin America, and runaway hyperinflation in Argentina and Brazil). Then the Treasury arranges for new loans from the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and other taxpayer-supported sources to give the Latin American countries the cash on hand to pay the remaining interest that's due.

Of course, there is a simpler alternative: the commercial banks and each country could cut the interest rates on the existing debt to levels consistent with each country's ability to pay. The existing debt would be recognized for what it is: bad debt that is strangling economic recovery and threatening political stability in Latin America. Most debt relief proposals urge such a reduction of interest rates on the bank debt. World Bank dollars could still help to stabilize the region, but only *after* the banks have recognized their losses.

Baker has rejected such an approach, on the bizarre grounds that such a policy would be too costly to the taxpayer! This whopper, recently repeated by the new treasury secretary, Nicholas Brady, holds that it is cheaper for the taxpayer to pay a large (and growing) part of the interest bill due to the banks than for the banks to accept some losses on their bad loans.

In his careful way, Baker has left little to chance in his support for the big banks. Recognizing that more and more taxpayer dollars would be needed to keep the banks fully paid up, Baker installed his friend (and former chairman of the 1980 Bush campaign steering committee) Barber Conable as president of the World Bank. Baker then went to work on a worldwide campaign for $75 billion of new taxpayer contributions (mostly from the industrial countries) to support new World Bank lending. In a little publicized action last month, the U.S. Congress authorized the U.S. taxpayer share ($14 billion in World Bank lending authority) of that World Bank capital increase.

Earlier this fall the World Bank rushed to lend $1.3 billion to Argentina after Argentina fell far behind in its interest payments to commercial banks. The U.S. Treasury is sponsoring a $500 million "bridge" loan to Argentina, so that Argentina can quickly use its promised World Bank money to pay the commercial banks, even before the World Bank money is disbursed. When expected IMF lending is added, Argentina will receive about $2 billion of taxpayer money in the next 12 months, and the banks will extract about $2 billion in net interest payments (above and beyond any new bank loans to Argentina).

The recent $3.5 billion Treasury loan to Mexico is similarly "bridged" to the World Bank. In this case, the bailout aspect of the Treasury loan is even more transparent, since the Treasury announced the "bridge" loan well before any World Bank loans were even negotiated with Mexico. The World Bank team is now in Mexico City, assuring the Treasury that the bridge loan is indeed bridged to something.

BAKER'S STRATEGY, which will likely continue for a while in a Bush government, is a shortsighted strategy for all of the players. The incoming Mexican government is happy in the very short run to receive the $3.5 billion, but will soon be unhappy when the money is squeezed right back out of the country to pay the impossible burden of Mexico's foreign bank debt. The result will be more debt for Mexico, and more political unrest within the country, since Mexico's debt problem will be postponed, not solved. The public in the United States might be happy in the short run that the Mexican government is non-confrontational in the next round of debt negotiations, but they will come to understand that their taxpayer dollars are paying for commercial bank dividends and buying a phony short-term peace in Latin America. The international institutions are being similarly abused. The World Bank is now happy with its "leadership" role in Latin America, but it is really a role of subservience to U.S. Treasury policies that are designed for the major banks.

Even the banks are outsmarting themselves. While they may marvel and gloat over their hold on U.S. foreign policy in the Reagan-Bush government, the real economic and political situation in Latin America continues to deteriorate. For all the Treasury bailouts, the banks' claims on Argentina now sell at 22 percent of their face value, and their claims on Mexico and Brazil at less than 50 percent. They should know, better than most, that a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'ermission of Margaret Truman Daniel
and Scott Meredith Inc.

"It's what you know after you know it all that counts."

Harry S Truman
33rd U.S. President
1884-1972

Ford Aerospace knows how to make software count.

Building system architectures. We're increasing efficiency of software development with new methods and tools. Setting standards for reliability, speed, networking and man-machine interfaces. To double software productivity and reduce costs.

Protecting space assets. We're upgrading U.S. command and control capabilities for space defense. Integrating over 7 million lines of software code with the most advanced hardware. For cataloging, monitoring and tracking space objects and potential threats.

Speaking of Ada. We developed the first application of Ada software deployed to troops. An advanced command and control system for the battlefield. Helping DOD standardize with Ada.

Securing America's future with advanced technology.

Ford Aerospace

- Command, Control, Communications and Intelligence
- Tactical Weapons Systems
- Space Systems
- Technical Services

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strategy of taxpayer-financed bailouts is bound to fail in the long run, losing support both in the United States and Latin America.

Straightforward debt relief by the banks would save the taxpayers a lot of future grief, and do wonders for the collapsing economies of Latin America. American taxpayers will eventually see through Baker's claim that he is protecting them, rather than bank dividends, with his opposition to debt relief. But since Baker's bailout operations are likely to continue for a while, let's hope at least that our friendly bankers remember our generosity to them the next time we're squeezed by a mortgage payment.

JEFFREY SACHS

Jeffrey Sachs is professor of economics at Harvard University.

Hitler they ain't.

THE ELOQUENCE GAP

"Don't teach my boy poetry. He is going to stand for parliament." —an English mother, quoted by Senator John F. Kennedy, Harvard commencement, June 14, 1956

Having gone, in my relatively brief professional life, from the profession with the most influence on American political life and presidential politics (i.e., lawyering) to the one with the least (poetry), I find it hard to resist reflecting upon then-Senator Kennedy's Harvard commencement address as I sit and attempt to fend off the breathtakingly un-nutritious "sound bites" emanating from the present presidential campaign.

What with our Democratic presidential candidate's seeming allergy to eloquence, and our Republican candidate's utter incapacity for it, the mothers of Bush and Dukakis must have heartily concurred with their English predecessor when it came to the education of their zealously ambitious sons. Yet what Senator Kennedy said next on that afternoon some 30 years ago bears reflection as well. "But," he continued, "if more politicians knew poetry and more poets knew politics, I am convinced the world will be a little better place to live in." At a time when one of Peru's greatest living writers (Mario Vargas Llosa) is a leading candidate for that country's presidency, when (whether or not we like their policies) poets and writers hold and have held many of the top positions in the Nicaraguan government, when a Nobel Prize-winning author (Gabriel García Márquez) has been repeatedly mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency of Colombia, it might be worth reflecting on why our nation now has one presidential candidate who—even in the eyes of so poetic and eloquent a figure as Richard Nixon—speaks like a "word processor," another for whom such a comparison would constitute an unimaginable triumph, and at least one vice presidential candidate (Dan Quayle) for whom the correct pronunciation of almost *any* syllable of the English language would be sufficient cause for taking a day off from the campaign just to celebrate. In fact, during Bush's and Dukakis's lingering "thousand points of light" exchange midway through their first debate, it was difficult to decide for whom to feel more sorry—Bush for having come up with such a sentimentally vacuous and insincere metaphor, or Dukakis for not having understood what he meant.

INDEED, if there was ever a good case to be made for the teaching of poetry in our law schools, the four men currently crisscrossing our nation in quest of its highest offices are most certainly making it. For they, in fact, *have* what Mark Antony only cleverly and duplicitously claimed at Caesar's funeral to have—"neither wit, nor words, nor worth, / Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, / To stir men's blood." Run, primed, informed, programmed, and scripted by men and women who for the most part have "studied" (to use the term loosely) one thing and one thing only—politics—they cruise the country, lowering the already lost art of eloquence to the point where one almost begins to long for something as uplifting and intoxicating as—yes, a Walter Mondale speech.

Walt Whitman said about poets what is equally true about politicians: "In order to have great poets we must have great audiences." And what saddens me most about the four rhetorical midgets now thumping and stumping their way from ocean to ocean is not some abstract piety about the role of poetry in our lives or some sentimental nostalgia for a grander time. What saddens me about it is my sense that a nation that no longer expects and demands eloquence and statesmanship from its politicians no longer expects and demands grandeur from itself—or precision of belief from those who would lead it. For, as Emerson understood, the eloquent man is not necessarily he who is a beautiful speaker, "but who is inwardly and desperately drunk with a certain belief."

Listening to Bush, Dukakis, Bentsen, and Quayle as they continue to revise and reinvent the English language with the fierce intensity of Valley Girls, I cannot help but think that not only is none of these men "drunk with a certain belief," but none of them is even courageous enough to have a seat at the bar. And being a citizen of a nation in which twice as many people watch TV as vote, I cannot help but empathize with the late candidate Adlai Stevenson, who—upon hearing a woman yell out from the audience after a speech in Boston: "Mr. Stevenson, you have won the vote of every thinking American!"—sadly (and perhaps somewhat arrogantly) replied: "Yes, but I need a majority!"

I do not wish to argue here—or even to imply—that we should suddenly elevate (or, perhaps, demote) the nation's poets to the role of political candidates, or that eloquence should be the only, or even the primary, qualification for national political leadership. Plato, for one, was well aware

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the dangers of doing the former, and I for the most part would agree with him. If most writers had been fit to become politicians, they would probably have done so—it's a helluva lot easier. And some of our finest and best-loved presidents—Harry Truman to mention one—have lent credence to the fact that a certain degree of inarticulateness, or at least "plain talk," can live in happy tandem with competence and leadership.

It is arguable that Stevenson—probably the best-loved and most thoughtful presidential candidate of recent times to those who still long for a certain eloquence and seriousness of thought in their political rhetoric—would through his indecisiveness and ambivalence have made an atrocious president indeed. The realities of our time, for better or worse, are not that hospitable to the presence of a pensive and deliberate human being at the helm of our manically moving ship of state. And Eisenhower, who most people thought of as an ineloquent and frequently tongue-tied bumbler during his eight years in office, more and more seems—at least when held up against the four TelePrompTed neo-statesmen now stumping their way toward the 21st century—downright statesmanlike by comparison.

The fact is that eloquence—the power to move and inspire others through language—may *not* be the most important qualification for being either an effective president or a well-loved one . . . a point that the "Great Communicator" now in the Oval Office confirms. Nor is there any guarantee—as Adolf Hitler and others have shown us all too vividly—that the powers of eloquence will necessarily be used to foster that "kinder, gentler nation" Vice President Bush so likes to speak of while simultaneously employing such mean-spirited rhetoric as "the meek may inherit the earth, but they will never increase market share."

YET IT SEEMS to me that eloquence, along with competence and toughness and compassion and decisiveness and ideology and all the rest, is a quality we hunger for and are entitled to in our presidents. It is a quality that, along with the deeper, grander, more meaningful human qualities it often reveals, will forever allow such presidents as Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Kennedy to stand out from the Filmores, Harrisons, Clevelands, Taylors, and Reagans among them.

For as Shakespeare, the authors of the Bible, and every middling-minded writer and politician from Tacitus to Jesse Jackson has known, there *is* often a relationship between eloquence and conviction, between noble rhetoric and noble emotions, between high-mindedness and high-soundingness, between standing for parliament and standing for *anything*. This is something every schoolboy and schoolgirl, in their heart of hearts, senses when they are first introduced to language impassioned by its own convictions and resonant with the delight of its own inventions—whether the speaker is Robert Frost *or* Robert Kennedy. They realize, as we as a nation seem to have forgotten, that when someone asks us to "*lend me your ears*," they are asking us to lend them our trust, our attention . . . and eventually our hearts as well.

Perhaps this is what that English schoolboy's mother intuitively sensed when she asked that her politically ambitious son not be allowed to study poetry. She must have realized that a world preparing to be nourished by the sound bite would have little appetite left for the square meal of a poem.

MICHAEL BLUMENTHAL

Michael Blumenthal is a poet and director of the undergraduate creative writing program at Harvard University.

Israel's dollar drain.

CAPITAL EXODUS

WHEN ECONOMISTS speak of capital flight—the transfer abroad, often under the table, of funds that could be invested at home—they are usually referring to developing countries with backward economies and unstable governments. But capital flight can also be a serious problem for a modern country like Israel, surrounded by antagonists, increasingly dependent on foreign finance, and battling a domestic insurrection.

It's bad enough for Israel's independence that it already counts on "non-economic" sources such as foreign aid and donations for almost four-fifths of its external funds. What makes things worse is that a significant chunk of this money winds up being invested not in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, but in places like Geneva and New York.

What's the extent of capital flight from Israel? Obviously no direct measures are available—private bankers and lawyers get paid very well to cover the tracks. But it is possible to estimate flight capital indirectly, by adding up a country's foreign "sources of funds"—trade, debt, foreign investment, foreign aid, and private donations—and subtracting the identifiable uses. Data from Morgan Guaranty Trust provide an estimate of Israel's annual gross external debt over the last 20 years, and the IMF's balance of payments statistics provide data on foreign investment and its most important uses—financing trade deficits, paying interest and dividends to foreign banks and investors, buying net imports of "other services" such as transportation and travel, and building up foreign exchange reserves. After accounting for all these uses, economists usually attribute what is left over to "flight capital," the accumulation of unrecorded foreign investments by a country's private sector.

From 1970 to 1986, the main source of funds for Israel was foreign borrowing, which provided about $36 billion (in constant 1980 dollars), half its total. Net foreign direct investment in Israel was actually negative over this period as a whole, and even at its high point in the late 1970s provided less than five percent of Israel's foreign funds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign loans began drying up during the 1980s and were displaced by foreign aid, mainly from the United States. Over the whole period, "private transfers" and "official transfers"—mainly private donations and foreign aid in Israel's case—provided about $17 billion and $29 billion respectively. But foreign aid alone accounted for 48 percent of Israel's external funds during the period 1980 to 1986, and over 63 percent in 1986 alone.

How have these funds been used? Out of the $82 billion supplied from 1970 to 1986, the IMF statistics tell us that about $50 billion went for net imports of goods, including arms imports and other supplies needed for the country's defense. Another $9 billion or so went to pay net interest and dividends for the use of foreign capital, mainly to foreign banks, while about $4 billion went for net imports of other "services," mainly transportation and travel. Increased foreign reserves accounted for another $5 billion.

After accounting for these uses, about $10.5 billion is still missing. Some of this may have gone for arms imports or other foreign payments not recorded in the official balance of payments statistics. But interviews with private bankers in Geneva and New York indicate that a hefty portion of the missing money was probably due to "capital flight" by Israel's private sector—foreign investments motivated not so much by higher returns available abroad, but by the higher risks associated with investing in Israel.

THE TIMING of the outflows is consistent with this interpretation. For example, 1973, the year of the October war, was the peak point for net outflows during the 1970s. The outflows have also increased sharply in the last two years. In 1986 over $1.1 billion left the country, an amount that was greater than the $885 million that Israel raised abroad from private donors, and about a third of all its 1986 foreign aid.

So judging by the IMF's balance of payments statistics and Morgan Guaranty's external debt numbers, Israel's supporters in the international community and the members of its own private sector seem to be engaging in rather conflicting forms of behavior.

Now what's wrong with flight capital? Who are we Americans to complain about private foreign investment, after living on it for years and depending on it now? After all, private investors in most developed countries are free to invest their savings abroad—why shouldn't Israelis also be encouraged to do so?

Fine, except that those of us who support Israel from afar end up footing a lot of the bills, while its own private sector is disinvesting—or in less polite language, "covering its ass." The total outflows observed here are the equivalent of *four years* of Israel's foreign aid receipts, or roughly *ten years* of its private donations.

Assuming that the missing $11 billion really did go into flight capital, how much might the resulting foreign stock of foreign capital now be worth? If we take the annual unexplained uses, assume that they were invested in ordinary bank deposits at the going rate of interest, and assume that the interest earned was retained abroad rather than repatriated—the usual practice of offshore investors—we see that the foreign stock of Israeli flight capital may now be worth as much as $26 billion. That's only slightly less than Israel's $31 billion gross foreign debt. On a gross foreign debt per capita basis, of course, Israel is one of the highest debtors in the world. But after taking account of offshore assets, the situation is rather different.

THERE'S ONE MORE reason why Israel's friends should care about flight capital: one of the most hackneyed defenses of capital flight havens is that they have been invaluable to persecuted minorities. Swiss bankers still routinely defend their own haven by citing the aid given to Jews who were fleeing the Holocaust. As the British journalist Nicholas Faith has shown, however, the actual history of the Swiss role is far more ambiguous and self-serving. Swiss banks as a whole were more useful to the Nazis than to the Jews; the enactment of their bank secrecy laws during the 1930s had nothing to do with protecting minorities; and much of the capital that did belong to Jews and other persecuted groups who died during the war seems to have been quietly appropriated by the gnomes of Zurich and Geneva at the war's end, under Switzerland's pro-bank laws regarding unclaimed property. In any case, capital flight was obviously an inferior response to racial intolerance—very few people were able to take advantage of the Swiss escape route.

What can be done to stop Israel's capital exodus? There are no simple solutions. Israel has already tried capital controls, but the track record is very mixed. Israel should certainly be careful to manage the exchange rate and domestic interest rates so they don't add speculative fuel to the situation, since once flight money goes abroad it is difficult to get back. An equally important part of the problem is the "wedge" between Israel's domestic taxes on interest and dividends and the generally tax-free status of foreign bank deposits in Switzerland, other tax havens, and even the United States. Solving this tax problem requires a higher level of international cooperation on taxation and tax enforcement. Finally, Israel should certainly do what it can to make foreign investment in Israel as attractive as possible—even if its own citizens prefer to invest abroad, the problem is not so serious if foreign investors are willing to take their place.

Ultimately, however, we may have to face the fact that part of the problem may be inherent in Israel's beleaguered situation. But this message is not entirely gloomy: if some kind of peaceful solution to Israel's troubles can be found, there is a large pool of available private capital outside the country, waiting to be harnessed to the talent within.

JAMES S. HENRY

James S. Henry is an economist and lawyer who has written extensively about the underground economy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the sixth time in nine years, Merrill Lynch is making a major market recommendation.

The time to buy is now.

Merrill Lynch is strongly recommending the purchase of selected bonds and interest-rate-sensitive stocks. We believe there are outstanding values in these markets for those who act right now.

The factors favoring these investments are falling into place.

Our research experts believe that the forward momentum of the economy is slowing somewhat. And that any increase in the pace of inflation that may lie ahead is likely to be far more modest than many investors fear.

The trend in interest rates.

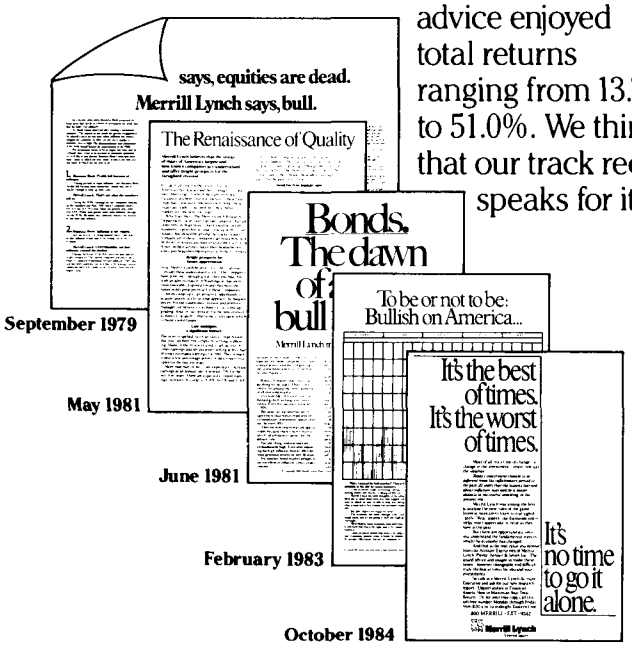
While interest rates may well edge higher temporarily, we see them declining appreciably over the next 15 months and beyond. If weaknesses in bond prices do occur, they would represent an opportunity for investors to commit themselves even more fully to bonds. And to selected groups of equities.

Our track record.

We believe strongly that investors should begin now to participate in the attractive returns available in both bonds and selected stock groups.

While it is our business to provide investment recommendations on a daily basis, occasionally we consider a recommendation so important that we feature it in national advertising.

On five occasions from September 1979 to October 1984, we made major market recommendations. Eighteen months after each recommendation, investors who followed our advice enjoyed total returns ranging from 13.7% to 51.0%. We think that our track record speaks for itself.


says, equities are dead.
Merrill Lynch says, bull.
The Renaissance of Quality
Bonds. The dawn of a bull
To be or not to be: Bullish on America...
It's the best of times. It's the worst of times.
It's no time to go it alone.
September 1979
May 1981
June 1981
February 1983
October 1984

The time to act is now.

While we realize, of course, that past performance is no guarantee of future success, we are nevertheless urging investors to consider bonds and selected interest-rate-sensitive stocks. Today.

For further information, contact your Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant, who can make specific recommendations depending on your financial situation and your investment objectives. For a copy of our current research report, "Market Trends," call **1-800-637-7455, ext. 7091.**

Merrill Lynch

A tradition of trust.

©1988 Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pledge around the world.

FLAGGING ENTHUSIASM

GEORGE BUSH'S recent fuss over the Pledge of Allegiance raises the question of how other countries have gone about inculcating patriotism in their young. The answer in most cases is, not with a mandatory daily pledge to the national flag. Almost all countries have institutionalized special salutes, the singing of the national anthem, and other patriotic practices. But for the most part, observation of these nationalistic rites is limited to special occasions—especially among the industrialized democracies of the West, who have largely let their daily rituals lapse. What follows is a brief world tour.

FRANCE: The bastion of modern nationalism, the historic source of the very concept of a national flag, France, oddly enough, has no pledge to the Tricolor. Schoolchildren troop out to salute the flag and hear the "Marseillaise" a couple of times a year on Bastille Day and Armistice Day, but the French curriculum makes no provision for any daily patriotic ritual. Still, there is no country where you will hear the national anthem sung as often as in France—perhaps because it may be the world's most tuneful patriotic song.

ENGLAND: In his 1941 essay *England Your England*, George Orwell roundly criticized his more educated countrymen for their lack of patriotism: "It is a strange fact, but it is unquestionably true that almost any English intellectual would feel more ashamed of standing to attention during 'God Save the Queen' than of stealing from a poor box." Historians say the British were the first to come up with a national anthem, sometime in the early 18th century. But they never really took the leap from imploring the deity for the monarch's salvation to pledging allegiance to the Union Jack. In fact, "God Save" took about 150 years to reach its prime, around the turn of this century, by which time several other European monarchies were busy "inventing" their national traditions, as E. J. Hobsbawm, a historian of the Marxist school, has put it. But in Britain the royal family—with its pomp, circumstance, and tabloid coverage—has always fared better as a patriotic symbol than the national anthem, which comes across as a little too specific a patriotic declaration for British sensibilities.

GERMANY, EAST AND WEST: About the same time Orwell's intellectuals were shunning king and country, across the Channel the Nazis were devising an insanely specific system of national symbols and patriotic rites. "Flag" was one of their key concepts, and together with "blood" made up the "blood flag"—the name given to the banner carried by those who died in Hitler's abortive 1923 Munich putsch. During the 1930s, the blood flag was used to "consecrate" the reams of Nazi flags used in their ceremonies. Nowadays, Germany's two halves have gone to the opposite extreme, removing all traces of patriotism from the classroom. Neither country has a pledge to its national flag (which is flown at West German schools only on holidays), and even the West's pledge to the constitution for soldiers entering the Bundeswehr has come under fire. In one case a few years ago, a thousand new army recruits recited the pledge at a special ceremony before the West German president while outside 7,000 protesters complained that the whole thing smacked of Nazism. East German youth follow the Soviet system of Young Pioneer groups (see below), while the socialist state preserves some of its Prussian heritage through an active military culture.

JAPAN: As with its onetime Axis ally, Japan has toned down the public patriotism since the Second World War. Previously, Japanese schoolchildren pledged daily to the emperor by bowing to the shrine to the divine Hirohito outside the classroom. The Americans put a stop to that and to anything else tainted by Japanese militarism, like judo. Now Japanese schoolchildren sing the national anthem, the "Kimigayo" (The Reign of Our Emperor), on national holidays, which include the Emperor's Birthday on April 29, Respect for the Aged Day on September 15, and Culture Day on November 3. Patriotism resurfaced as a political issue several years ago on the island of Okinawa, about 350 miles across the East China Sea from the rest of Japan. Students there protested directives from the minister of education requiring schools to say the national anthem on certain occasions.

SOVIET UNION: Central though they are to life in the Soviet Union, children's patriotic rituals normally take place not at school but at meetings of extracurricular clubs. Many Soviet children take their first oath to party, flag, and motherland during their induction into Communist youth organizations such as the Oktyabryata, the Young Pioneers, or the Leninist Communist Youth League (also called the Komsomol). Komsomol inductees, for example, typically promise "to guard the purity of the Komsomol banner, to continue work begun by the Komsomol at the dawn of Soviet power, to be foremost in labor and study, and to preserve and augment the glorious traditions of our fathers and mothers." A rite of passage rather than a regular part of the daily routine, the induction ceremony is not as formalized as our Pledge of Allegiance, and can vary from region to region. Perhaps the closest thing to our pledge that the Russians have is the line in the Soviet national anthem (post-Stalin version) that says: "And to the Red Flag of our glorious homeland / Devoted and loyal we ever shall be!"

CHINA: Patriotic ceremony has never been able to displace physical exercise as the early morning Chinese ritual, but China's national anthem has earned a place in its people's hearts. It has always been particularly popular at official Party functions—curious, since it was composed well before the Communist takeover. Originally the theme song of *Sons and Daughters in Time of Turmoil*, a hot movie at the time of the Japanese occupation, "The March of the Volunteers" is anti-Japanese in sentiment. "When the film was shown for the first time," says a Chinese Embassy blurb, "the theme song, like a blazing fuse, kindled the flame of patriotism in the people to protect the motherland against the Japanese invaders . . ." The tune's lasting popularity was demonstrated in the 1970s, when an attempt to rewrite the lyrics to bring them more into line with Maoist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking proved unpopular and was withdrawn.

THE PHILIPPINES: Long exposed to U.S. cultural influence, the Filipinos have perhaps the closest approximation to a genuine U.S. Pledge of Allegiance. In fact, they used to simply say the U.S. pledge to the Philippine flag (i.e., "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the Philippines . . ."). Now they have a compulsory pledge of allegiance twice as long as ours. Children recite it every day, in Tagalog, facing the Filipino flag, with their hands over their hearts: "I love the Philippines. It's the land of my birth. It's the land of my people. It protects me and helps me to be strong, happy, and useful. In return I will heed the counsel of my parents. I will obey the rules of my school. I will fulfill the duties of a patriotic and law-abiding citizen. I will serve my country unselfishly and faithfully. I will try to be a true Filipino in thought, in word, and in deed."

MEXICO: Another country whose history has been closely tied to ours, Mexico has passed detailed flag statutes, but all pertain to special occasions and infrequent ceremonies. Only five years ago Mexico updated its Law of the National Coat of Arms, Flag, and the National Anthem. In it, Mexicans are told that in the official delivery of the flag to civil institutions or organizations (including schools), the "person in charge" must say to those who will receive it: "Citizens (or children or students): I come in the name of Mexico to entrust to your patriotism this flag, which symbolizes Mexico's independence, honor, institutions, and unity. Do you pledge to honor and defend it with loyalty and perseverance?" Presumably, they say yes. Although there is no regular pledge, Article 15 of the law lays down that in institutions of learning, honors must be paid to the flag on Mondays and at the beginning and end of courses.

AUSTRALIA: The United States shares many traits with this Anglophone democracy cut off from the rest of the world by two large oceans, so perhaps it is not surprising that Australia should be the only other industrialized nation to expect a pledge of its schoolchildren. However, observance is even spottier than in the United States. Those young Australians who say the pledge do so only once a week, at a Monday morning general assembly. It accompanies the raising of the flag, and is often followed by the playing of the national anthem. Otherwise, the Australians take part in the general patriotic malaise of their Commonwealth partners.

IMPORTED or indigenous, patriotic practices have a way of defying any reasonable pattern. Arguably, the United States is in a category by itself, a nation that needs civic rituals to help stir its melting pot. (Any U.S. immigration official will tell you that reciting the Pledge is one of the most moving parts of the naturalization ceremony for new citizens.) So if you don't like the thought of having to recite the pledge every day, just be glad you weren't raised in Iraq, where children round off a week of singing the national anthem every morning with a schoolyard 21-gun salute, or in Switzerland, where the official guidelines for "flag-swinging" go like this: "The bearer begins by swinging the flag horizontally above his head: in this way, he blesses himself so as to be worthy of the flag. . . . The flag is revolved, hand against the hip: in this, the bearer is chasing away bad spirits. By turning the flag horizontally around his body, he declares himself to be a free man; by throwing it in the air, he expresses joy over his freedom and that of his country."

ZACHARY CITRON

More Quayle weirdness.

MARILYN'S THIEME

THE LIST OF things George Bush doubtless wishes he had known about Dan Quayle three months ago continues to grow. The latest piece of bad p.r. Quayle has brought to the Republican ticket is a man named Col. Robert B. Thieme Jr., an ultraconservative preacher with a preternatural affection for all things military and a weird theology that includes a pseudoscientific synthesis of biology and Christianity.

There's no evidence that Quayle himself is a follower of Thieme's. Rather, it's his parents, his wife, Marilyn, her parents, and two of her sisters who are longtime admirers of the colonel and followers of his audiocassette ministry. (And Marilyn, according to one of her sisters, uses Thieme's instructional materials to supplement the religious education of the Quayle children.) But the Bush campaign isn't eager for Colonel Thieme to work himself into the Quayle family portrait. Dan and Marilyn have tried hard to distance themselves from Thieme since his name surfaced a few weeks ago.

These attempts haven't been entirely successful. Marilyn now minimizes her connection with Thieme and denies any knowledge of his extremist political views. But back in September, before Thieme became an issue, she was less guarded. "I read Dr. Thieme's literature and I do find him *very* good, and enjoy listening to his tapes," she told one of us. Quayle, meanwhile, has insisted he knows very little about Thieme, professing total ignorance of his political and social views. "I don't believe I've listened to any [Thieme] tapes," he said. But Marilyn has said that she and Dan "occasionally have listened to them when we visited my father."

Colonel Thieme, pastor of Houston's Berachah Church since 1950, is a caricature of a right-wing evangelical. He preaches about Armageddon and the Red Tide and warns that the United States is imperiled by creeping socialism. The welfare system, he says, is a "satanic attempt to reproduce the perfect conditions of the Millennium." He fulminates against "power-mad labor," "spineless" government leaders, feminists, "do-gooders and liberals," permissive parents, gays, gun controllers, rock music, and internationalism. The United Nations and the World Council of Churches, he has written, are "satanic, anti-christian, and antigod." Field reports from a Rice Universi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty course taught by sociologist William Martin have quoted the colonel as asserting—as he dismissed suggestions that the United States vigorously discourage apartheid—that the South African government is far superior to ours. In the same sermon he insisted, by way of condemning the TV series "Roots," that black slaves should have been grateful to be brought from Africa to the "Magnificent South," where they could better support themselves.

IT WOULD BE an exaggeration to call Thieme a fascist (though some of his pronouncements have an unsettling echo, such as: "Art, literature, and drama should always manifest the vigor, the best of a nation, not its decadence, scum, and reversionism"). But it is safe to say that he embodies an unusually strong combination of economic conservatism, authoritarianism, and militarism. A World War II veteran who remained on active reserve until 1961, Thieme still wears his Air Force uniform in the pulpit on the Fourth of July and Memorial Day. He decorates his pastoral study with a Confederate flag and crossed sabers, and the church building's hallways with images not of the Savior but of fighter planes, war heroes, a huge replica of an Airborne Ranger shoulder patch, and a framed copy of a newspaper with the headline "JAPS SURRENDER ... WAR IS OVER!... 500 RESCUED FROM HELL HOLE NIP PRISON." Many churches have weekly film nights, but Berachah is surely one of the few to have shown "Guadalcanal Diary," "Guadalcanal Odyssey," "Deserter," and "Battle of the Bulge" in a single month.

Military metaphors permeate Thieme's teachings, notably in conveying his emphasis on authority. If a husband fails to assert authority over his wife, Thieme has written, she will "hate herself and will react like a grenade with the pin out!" A husband, once his wife has children, "is promoted from 'captain' to 'colonel.' He now has an 'army.'... He is accountable for disciplining the children and handling the courts-martial ..."

Quayle's parents didn't become Thieme followers until well after Dan was out of the house, so they couldn't draw on Thieme's pronouncements in advising Dan in the 1960s on whether to join the National Guard or a branch of the service more likely to see combat. Thieme has written, "This country is filled with sycophants and trash, as well as short-sighted mothers who are afraid their sons might get hurt if they enter the service.... When the men of high character fight and die to defend the cowardly parasites who remain behind to propagate more parasites, eventually, the people who are establishment oriented cease to exist (Psalms 12:1), and the surviving leeches destroy the nation!"

Thieme would gather few votes for a White House chaplaincy even in Dan Quayle's conservative political circles. He is a laughingstock among evangelical leaders in the South, especially in Texas. They derisively trade stories about Thieme's teachings, such as his "right man-right woman" theory of predestined marriage. This theory holds that for each man there is exactly one woman who is right for him not only spiritually but anatomically; that is to say, if the sexual equipment doesn't fit snugly, the match wasn't made in heaven. Thieme's peculiar bio-spirituality further asserts that God made one nostril for breathing the Holy Spirit and that sin is genetically carried by both men and women but transmitted "only through the 23 chromosomes in the male sperm that fertilizes the female ovum."

Thieme, a Beverly Hills native and University of Arizona graduate, is an ordained Baptist minister, the product of the theologically conservative Dallas Theological Seminary. Reclusive and autocratic, he insists on total silence and rapt attention during church services, which consist almost exclusively of Scripture lessons taught with an overhead projector and his own brand of interpretive jargon, incomprehensible to anyone not schooled in it. "Essence box," for example, means the listing of divine attributes. "Grace pipe" describes the opening of a channel of blessings to the believer.

Corinne Quayle, the candidate's mother, says Thieme isn't the type of pastor who stands at the church door shaking hands. "No way would I have gone up and said 'hello,' " added Mrs. Quayle (who has met Thieme in another setting). "He's really the colonel in every sense of the word." Thieme has written that his own congregation is "the biggest bunch of stinkers, hypocrites, 'rat-finks,' jerks, and self-righteous snobs" he's ever seen. James Dunn, executive director of the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs in Washington, said of Thieme, "He is a cult figure. His whole tape ministry is built around a paramilitary model, with a lot of paramilitary language and paramilitary themes to reinforce its discipline." Joe Layton Wall, an ex-Thiemite who is now a minister in Colorado, recalled, "I pastored a church a few miles away, and I'd have to regularly rehabilitate to reality people coming out of there."

While you won't see Thieme hawking salvation on national TV, he is nonetheless widely known. His literature and tape ministry moves an estimated 30,000 cassettes a month. His books have titles like "Scar Tissue of the Soul," "Satanic Plot No. 1," and "Slave Market of Sin." His tapes and books are reportedly consumed in bulk by members of the U.S. armed services. Thieme, whose teachings carry a patina of scholarship (he's literate in Greek and Hebrew), peddles an eccentric brand of dispensationalist premillennialism not unlike the doomsday prophecies popularized in the 1970s by Hal Lindsey. In lay terms, that means the end of the world is at hand ... soon.

HOW, one might wonder, would two Presbyterian families in north-central Indiana not only get wind of this man but become devotees? It began with disillusionment. The Tuckers had their falling out with mainstream Presbyterianism in the late 1950s, according to Warren Tucker, Marilyn's father, and the Quayles a decade later, according to Dan's brother, Mike.

"I left the Presbyterian Church because I didn't agree with the fact they were bringing in the social interpretations of the Bible," said Tucker, 76. Soon the family began following Colonel Thieme. "We were looking for people doing work on communism," Tucker said. One of Mari-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lyn's three sisters, Nancy Tucker Northcott of Tullahoma, Tennessee, recalled that their late mother, Dr. Mary Alice Tucker, played Thieme's tapes "all day, every day" during their childhood.

Northcott is such an avid Thiemite that she and her husband, Dr. Thomas Northcott, host a tape group at their house and have taken their family annually for seven or eight years to Thieme conferences. She uses a Thiemese phrase to describe her sister and brother-in-law's marital union: "Dan is Marilyn's right man and Marilyn is his right woman."

Corinne Quayle recalls being introduced to Thieme's work by a friend in Muncie some time before Marilyn joined the family in 1972. She also recalls her daughter-in-law bringing over some books by Thieme in the mid-1970s that had belonged to Marilyn's mother. Corinne and "Big Jim" Quayle have attended three-day Thieme conferences for the past two years. She says they listen to Thieme tapes "every Sunday and sometimes more."

How relevant to the presidential campaign are the political teachings of a minister who has the ear of Dan Quayle's parents, wife, and in-laws? Marginally, at least. There is certainly much circumstantial evidence that both Marilyn and Dan Quayle have tended to absorb their parents' values thoroughly, and Marilyn's ongoing influence on her husband is undeniable. It ranges from telling him what clothes to wear each morning to poring over his senatorial reading matter on upcoming votes. "I certainly am equal to any senior adviser on anybody's senatorial staff," she says.

Still, there's not enough here to start an election-altering scandal. Rather, the moral of this story is the same as the moral of the other Quayle stories that the Bush campaign has been busily extinguishing for the past couple of months: the deeper you look, the weirder things get.

ELINOR J. BRECHER AND ROBERT T. GARRETT

Elinor J. Brecher and Robert T. Garrett are reporters for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

THE MONEY CULTURE

LEVERAGED RIP-OFF

IF F. ROSS JOHNSON, the president of RJR Nabisco, succeeds in his plan to take his company private in a $17.6 billion leveraged buyout (LBO), it will be the largest single business transaction in history. (LBO specialists Kohlberg Kraus & Roberts have made a rival bid of $20 billion.) Maybe this will finally bring leveraged buyouts—perhaps the Reagan era's most distinctive contribution to the culture of finance—the skeptical attention they deserve.

Management-led LBOs, in which a company's managers use borrowed money to buy the company from its shareholders, have become the easiest way for people not born with $100 million to ensure that their children don't similarly suffer. America's first buyout billionaire was John Kluge of Metromedia Inc., who turned a $3 billion profit for himself in eliminating his shareholders. There have been others. And unlike, say, winnings from real estate speculation, LBO money is hoovered in with an inordinate amount of self-righteousness, probably because of what the beneficiaries hear and read about themselves. *Business Week* calls them brave risk-takers and draws little cartoons of them shooting rapids and flying hot air balloons. *Forbes* nods approvingly at their wealth. *Fortune* lists them copiously among America's 50 most interesting businesspeople. The only question usually raised is whether our heroes will win the day (they usually do). But what is really worth discussing is whether our heroes and their deals should be outlawed.

MANAGEMENT-LED LBOs became big business before anyone gave them much thought. The volume of management buyouts increased from 46 deals worth $4.8 billion in 1984 to 54 deals worth $16.6 billion in 1987. The RJR Nabisco deal (involving the company formed when Nabisco, the food conglomerate, merged with R. J. Reynolds, the tobacco purveyor, in 1985) is larger than all of last year's deals combined.

Hold the applause for a moment. As several observers have pointed out, the very idea of management buying out its shareholders raises a conflict of interest. How can the manager of a publicly held company represent the interest of shareholders—which is what they are paid to do—at the same time that they are attempting to buy the company from the shareholders at the lowest possible price? Doesn't that put them on both sides of the negotiating table at once?

The usual answer from seasoned LBO men starts with a sigh and ends with a bored look: spare me the theory, buddy, we're talking about the future of American industry here. Our newest business heroes argue that America is in decline specifically because the American conglomerates built in the 1960s are anachronisms run by poor and indolent managers. To this there are only two solutions. Either we throw the managers out, and replace them with unpopular hostile raiders and even less popular foreign companies, or we turn the managers into entrepreneurs. "Entrepreneurs" are never lazy or dumb. Knowing that he will go down with the ship, and also that he will benefit directly from smooth sailing, the owner-manager skippers the newly privatized business more efficiently than when he was merely an employee.

If it is true that privately held companies are inherently more efficient than publicly traded ones, American capitalism—which is dominated by large, publicly owned corporations—is based on an enormous fallacy, and generations of business propaganda about the wonders of widespread share ownership have been a gigantic fraud. This may well be the case, but the advent of LBOs does not prove it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider the buyout of Macy's, completed two years ago. Edward K. Finklestein, now the company's largest stockholder, worked at Macy's for 39 years. In June 1985 Finklestein, then chairman, raised the idea of a buyout with Macy's board of directors, which included Beverly Sills; Robert Schwartz, the chairman of Metropolitan Life; and Lawrence Fouraker, former dean of the Harvard Business School. Outside directors are supposedly the guardians of shareholders' interests vis-à-vis management. Finklestein told board members he was losing executives to competitors because he couldn't compensate them properly. The board was skeptical. Finklestein had been given a free hand in running Macy's. He had bought himself a $15 million Gulfstream jet with shareholder's money. No one questioned his business judgment. Under his management, Macy's had prospered. But why did he need to own the company in order to pay his executives whatever it took to keep them?

Initially, the board was strongly opposed to a buyout. This upset Finklestein. He argued that his bid of $68 a share was 50 percent higher than the market price, 165 percent of the tangible book value, and 18.4 times earnings. A few weeks later the board mysteriously agreed to discuss a management buyout. The reason for their change of heart has not been formally disclosed, but in a deposition, board member Barbara Scott Preiskal said that the board was made to fear that if it didn't consider a buyout, all of Macy's management, led by Finklestein, would quit. Whatever the case, the board capitulated. But it told Finklestein that he had to "shop" the company, i.e., find the best bid for it in the market by showing it to any potential buyers.

WHO KNOWS how vigorously he pursued this task. Another LBO-hungry company chairman, described in *Inc.* magazine, relied on the red carnation approach to displaying his company. Whenever a potential buyer showed up to tour the factory floor, the chairman wore a red carnation to signal his employees to "talk the place down." Five companies requested confidential information about Macy's, and two actually met with Finklestein and Macy's president Mark Handler, but in the end no one competed with them to buy the company. Finklestein and friends were the only bidder.

Finklestein wanted to pay $68 a share, and the board of directors asked for 70. No sweat. Finklestein's financial advisers, Goldman, Sachs, claimed not to be able to finance a buyout at $70 a share, after which the Macy's board came down to Finklestein's price. The board then hired an adviser, Wolfensohn & Co., which agreed, in January 1986, that $68 a share was fair.

Finklestein became an "owner-manager." The actual deal he cut for himself, however, shows how misused that phrase can be. At $68 a share, Finklestein took a $9,755,280 profit on share options he held in Macy's stock. Of that, he put back in $4,375,000. In other words, he had less of his own money riding on the future of the company after his buyout than before. In return for this relatively modest financial commitment, he got 4.9 percent of the new, private company's stock, and voting rights on *all* the shares. Handler received a 2.4 percent interest, and 345 other executives divided 12 percent of the shares in exchange for a nominal investment.

IN JUNE 1986 the public shareholders met in New York to vote on the proposal. In the six weeks before the meeting, half of Macy's stock changed hands. That is typical of the frenetic trading that buyouts stimulate. Betting the deal would go through at $68, arbitrageurs bought any shares they could below that price. Institutional and individual investors, less able to assess the chance of the deal going through, sold out to them. For the arbs, the process is a self-fulfilling prophecy: once they control a majority of the stock, the deal is certain to go through. By the time of the Macy's meeting, the votes were concentrated in hands of market players who were thinking about nothing but a quick turn on their positions.

There was never a meaningful debate on the merits of the buyout. The board of directors normally joins the chairman at the dais, but at this one Finklestein sat alone. (The board members, bless their hearts, were given seats in the front row.) One shareholder, Charles Tannenbaum, noted that Macy's had invested several hundred million dollars that, according to the company's own earnings projection, were about to pay off. But this was neglected, he felt, in the price the shareholders received. Shareholders knew that at one point the board had objected violently to a buyout at $68 a share and that a year later, with the stock market much higher, had approved one at the same price. No one would tell them why. Tannenbaum questioned Finklestein for 40 minutes, but Finklestein—on the advice of counsel—refused to answer him.

Finklestein and his associates bought the entire company for about $3 billion, virtually all of it borrowed. A year later—after the stock market crash—they offered a 40 percent interest in Macy's in lieu of cash in a bid to buy another chain of retail stores called Federated. They valued the 40 percent stake at $2.4 billion (including the taking on of about $1.4 billion in debt). That made their valuation for all of Macy's about $6 billion. Finklestein's stake, for which he paid $4.375 million, is now worth $122.5 million. Seventy other Macy's executives who participated in the buyout have become millionaires.

What magic have Finklestein and company worked to double the value of the company? Well, for a start, there are the brown bags. A McKinsey report intended as a paean to LBOs notes that Macy's said it saved a million dollars a year by standardizing its shopping bags and buying them in bulk. Some might think that buying bags in bulk is something even the most indolent corporate management might think of. How naive! Not until *after* a buyout do these little efficiencies become obvious. And guess what else. According to *Business Week*, "One California executive pared $200,000 from his division's annual budget by ending the rental of houseplants for corporate offices." And of course, "In the new Macy's, Finklestein believes, everyone from the sales clerks to the top execu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tives deserves to be rewarded for doing a good job." Now who'd ever have thought of that?

The amazing thing about all these brilliant changes is that they are being carried out by the very same people responsible for the abuses they rectify. And it's not as if the old shareholders had insisted that each store have customized brown bags and each office have $200,000 of houseplants. If indeed these changes doubled the value of Macy's virtually overnight, it is a scandal that the beneficiaries set the stage by screwing things up in the first place.

BUT MACY'S has enriched Finklestein et al. for different reasons. Part of the magic is in the new financial structure of the company. Like all buyouts, it has been stripped of equity and laden with debt. Shareholders have been replaced by bondholders. Before the buyout, Macy's had about ten dollars in equity for every dollar in debt. After the buyout, that ratio was reversed: one dollar in equity for every ten in debt. Because the interest on debt is deductible, Macy's will probably not pay taxes for years. As the World's Greatest Investor, Warren Buffet, has said, "If you can eliminate the government as a 46 percent partner, the business will be far more valuable." Tax arbitrage is not something that new owner-managers like to highlight. That one of America's largest retail chains pays less in taxes than Ronald Reagan's secretary undermines their message that America needs more entrepreneurs like them.

There have been a lot of inconclusive debates about whether highly indebted companies can survive a recession. Unlike dividends, which can be reduced or canceled in bad times, interest on debt must be paid or you're out of business. But it is worth pointing out that the people who created the debt do not have a whole lot of personal exposure if the whole shebang blows up. The person who introduced leverage to Macy's was Finklestein. If Macy's goes bankrupt, Finklestein becomes a temporarily unemployed multimillionaire. While old-fashioned entrepreneurs sunk with their ships, newfangled ones build themselves life rafts filled with goodies. They are free lunch entrepreneurs: no risk, all reward.

Most of the financial exposure is transferred to the passengers—institutional investors who buy the junk bonds. Junk bonds are fast displacing equity in pension funds, savings and loans, and insurance companies. These investors sell out their equity holdings to the new robber barons, and are then sold bonds by the robber barons' investment bankers. The ultimate exposure of bankruptcy lies, through a veil of intermediaries, with the small investor whose savings reside with the institutions.

The other unmentioned reason Macy's is worth so much more now than what its managers paid for it, besides the tax angle, is that Finklestein's group simply paid too little. For example, Macy's owned eight shopping malls. Because American companies hold assets on their books at cost, the old Macy's listed the malls at a total value of about $100 million. Perhaps it appeared generous, therefore, when Finklestein and his associates valued the malls at $250 million in the buyout. (Recall that Finklestein boasted to the board that he was willing to pay 165 percent of book value for the company.) Three months after the buyout, Finklestein sold the malls to an Australian company for $555 million. Why didn't Finklestein get the bright idea to sell the malls six months earlier, when he was working for the public shareholders? You know why.

DESPITE THE abuses of the system, it's not implausible that an economic system dominated by owner-managers is more efficient than one dominated by publicly owned corporations run by hired guns. If so, the old corporate form is obsolete, and the problem is how we get from here to there with the lowest "Kluge factor," an issue that is not even discussed by the market-watchers. However, if the justification for LBOs is owner management, you would think that businesses taken private would remain private. Most of the time they don't.

One of the first acts of the new owner-managers of Macy's was to register for a public offering of their stock. Finklestein has apparently ceased to be troubled as he once was about losing executives to the competition. Or maybe the executives have all become so rich that it is useless to hope that they will continue to hold daytime jobs. In any case, a public share issue or some more complicated form of sellout is expected soon. One thing you can be sure of is that when the time comes for Finklestein and company to pull the ripcord, the remaining real estate will be fully priced. Nothing undermines the argument that these buyouts are good for society so much as the sight of the new owner-managers bailing out. In 1987, according to IDD information services, there were 47 so-called reverse LBOs. Some of the companies were not private for more than six months.

There is nothing inherently uncompetitive about publicly owned corporations. Take a peek at our bogeymen. The German and the Japanese economies are based on the postwar American model of share ownership of publicly held companies, managed by just the sort of salaried dinosaurs LBO advocates want to rid our society of. Low salaries, too, by American standards.

In a series of articles in *Barron's*, journalist Ben Stein has argued persuasively that the entire LBO game is a racket. He likes to harp on the role played by investment bankers, paid by management ostensibly on behalf of the shareholders, who systematically render lowball estimates of the value of companies in management buyouts. Investment banker middlemen do very well. In Macy's, for example, Goldman, Sachs got $31.25 million plus a two percent equity stake, now worth $50 million. But investment bankers aren't explicitly assigned the task of caring for shareholders. Management is. And with heroes like these, American business doesn't need villains.

MICHAEL M. LEWIS

Michael M. Lewis is at work on a book about the golden age of investment banking.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Degrees of Reality

Street children have been a world film subject at least since World War II and De Sica's *Shoeshine* (1946). Lately Rio de Janeiro and Seattle have joined the all-too-expandable list of locations. Now it's Bombay. The peculiar difficulty for a new film on the subject, however, is in finding a fresh approach, not to titillate soft-seated customers but to disentangle the material from filmic clichés. Mira Nair has succeeded fairly well.

Salaam Bombay!
(Cinecom)

Without a Clue
(Orion)

Bat 21
(Tri-Star)

She is an Indian woman in her early 30s, educated at Harvard, and her film is called *Salaam Bombay!* Previously Nair has made documentaries, which she likes (she said at a recent press conference) because they explore the "inexplicability" of life. *Salaam Bombay!* is fiction. Presumably she doesn't think the lives of street children more explicable than other lives but wanted a more malleable form for this subject.

Her protagonist is a ten-year-old boy, played by Shafiq Sayed, who has gone from a village to Bombay to make money. He works at jobs as he can find them, including the delivery of tea to a brothel. Drug dealings cross his path. He has some moral sense in the midst of a disordered world, some urge to compassion and honesty, the origins of which are not quite clear. Prison comes his way, then escape, then the implication of a desolate future.

The cast mixes professionals and non-professionals. Most of the latter are children who attended an acting workshop with Nair and her collaborators for some months before shooting began. Shafiq Sayed is unaffected and direct. With his beautiful face, he *is* the film—the film's tragedy—more than anything done in the film. All the actors are good, even the professionals. But Nair has paid a tax for moving over into fiction. She and her co-writer, Sooni Taraporevala, have supplied too much story, too many skeins of which are predictable. This is certainly not to say they are unbelievable, only that no way has been found to refresh their familiarity.

As director, Nair had to shoot footage for editing into fiction, instead of documentary footage in which a film could be "found." Sometimes she has not shot enough: some transitions are jagged. Sometimes she has worked hurriedly, like the sequences in which she tries to make use of a street festival for her story. Contradictorily, she has let the film run on for a while after it is substantively finished. *Salaam Bombay!* is an utterly sincere piece of work, on a subject whose urgency needs no comment, but it's somewhat burdened with cinematics that hobble its very sincerity.

Of the making of Sherlock Holmes sequels or variants there is apparently no end, and much of the time, a good thing, too. If the Holmes industry produces a blip like *Sherlock Holmes's Smarter Brother*, it also produces the ingenious *Seven-Percent Solution*, in which Holmes (Nicol Williamson) has a breakdown, goes to Vienna to consult Freud (Alan Arkin), and both men get involved in a mystery involving a beautiful woman (Vanessa Redgrave).

Just last month a play called *The Secret of Sherlock Holmes* opened in London, which, I gather, raises questions about Professor Moriarty. Now comes a film called *Without a Clue*, about Holmes and Moriarty and Dr. Watson. It's built on a funny, if irreverent idea: the bright member of the Baker Street pair is really Dr. Watson. He has written a series of stories about a detective named Sherlock Holmes, which were so veristic and successful that a "real" Holmes had to be supplied for the public. Watson has engaged a broken-down, bibulous actor named Reginald Kincaid to be the public Holmes as needed—to speak to prospective clients and the press. Every idea uttered by this Holmes is spoon-fed to him by Dr. Watson.

This nutty premise, revealed very early, is enhanced by the performances of the redoubtable Michael Caine as Holmes/Kincaid and the ever-dazzling Ben Kingsley as Watson. The screenplay by Gary Murphy and Larry Strawther is not quite up to its premise or to the quality of the two principal actors. They get involved in a counterfeiting case, with an expedition to the Lake District and a big finish in a theater where Kincaid once played. (Much of the rumpus in the cellars of the theater has echoes of *The Phantom of the Opera*.) But neither the plot nor the dialogue is clever enough, and there is too much corny

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hotel Terminus. Marcel Ophuls's new work is not up to his best—too long and too unsteady in texture—but much of this documentary about Klaus Barbie is grimly fascinating. (Reviewed 10/24/88)

The Last Temptation of Christ. Now that the hubbub begins to subside, this may be seen as what it is: the sporadically moving, utterly serious screen adaptation of an atrocious novel. (9/12&19/88)

Midnight Run. If you can shut your eyes and ears in the slam-bang segments, you get a series of sharp and witty dialogues between Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin, captor and captive, as they travel cross-country. (8/29/88)

Red Sorghum. A Chinese film directed with a notable non-provincial sensibility, and well acted. The story, about a young couple weathering troubles in the late 1920s and early 1930s, strains to be epic but doesn't quite succeed. (10/17/88)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action for the tenor of the piece.

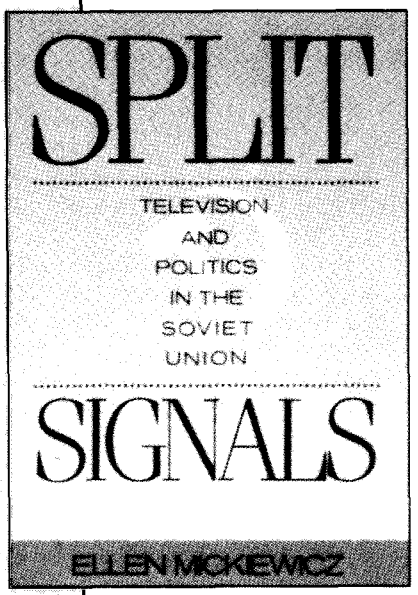
The director, Thom Eberhardt, who is adequate, probably had to do little more with Caine and Kingsley than leave them alone. This Eberhardt did nicely. The priceless pair, each good in himself and each complementing the other, keeps the picture lively even when reason tells us it ought to be tedious.

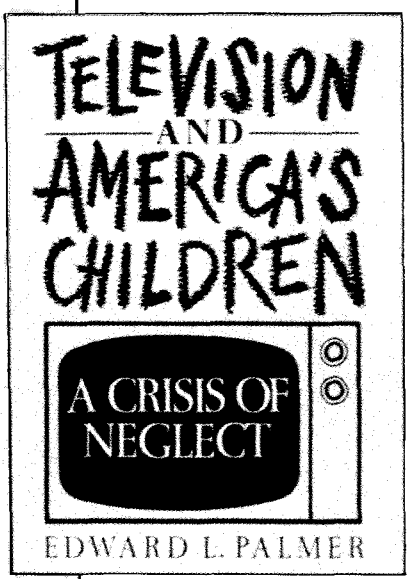
Bat 21 is a Vietnam War film with a difference. Based on a book by William C. Anderson, it tells the true story of Lt. Col. Iceal Hambleton, an American intelligence officer whose plane was shot down over the jungle and who spent several days eluding patrols. Hambleton was ultimately rescued by a black Air Force captain who had been monitoring his radio transmissions—Hambleton carried the standard pocket two-way radio—and who finally lifted him off at great personal risk. (The title was the colonel's radio code name.)

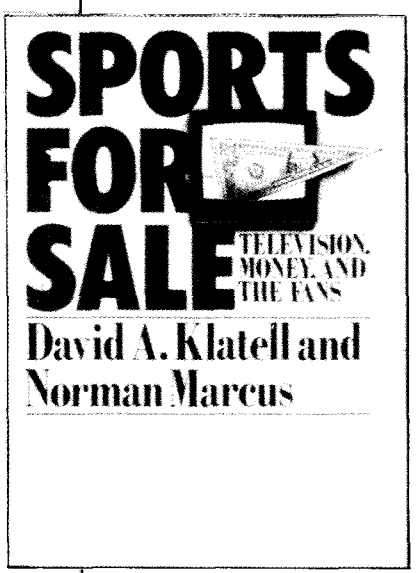
But this is not an account of black-white brotherhood under stress. It's about the awakening of an experienced military man to some realities of war. Hambleton's service had all been in offices or at 30,000 feet. Now he saw the napalm and the burning people close up. Now he had to grapple with, and shoot, an enraged villager who came at him with a machete. Now he saw, really saw, American deaths. We're not shown the ultimate result in him of his discoveries; still, the fact that these discoveries were possible so late in a military career has its measure of icy irony.

Danny Glover plays the rescuing pilot, doing his best in a role that hasn't much to it besides routine service dialogue. Gene Hackman plays Hambleton and is even more handicapped by his role than Glover. Hackman has very little to do actively with developments in the story: he observes and is acted upon. Still, we can fill in some measure of character for him, fancifully, out of our previous experience with the actor: we know what he would have done, so to speak, if he'd had the chance to do it. *Variety* ran a list lately that put Hackman at the top (with Steve Guttenberg) of the most-employed stars in the last three years. His dossier helps his performance here. In any case *Bat 21*, unlike most other recent Vietnam films, is absolutely devoid of politics. It concentrates on experience. □

AIRWAVE ANALYSIS







SPLIT SIGNALS
Television and Politics in the Soviet Union
Ellen Mickiewicz
In 1960, only 5 percent of the Soviet public had access to TV; by 1986, 93 percent were viewers, across a land mass encompassing 11 time zones. What part does this communications revolution play in Gorbachev's ambitious plans for economic, political, and educational change? In this probing look at Soviet TV—filled with interviews of key media figures and fascinating analysis of Soviet programming—Ellen Mickiewicz offers eye-opening insights into the paradoxical impact of this powerful medium on Soviet society. **$22.95, 286 pp.**

TELEVISION AND AMERICA'S CHILDREN
A Crisis of Neglect
Edward L. Palmer
Since the demise of *Captain Kangaroo* in the early '80s, there has been no regular weekday programming for children on the three major commercial networks and very little on chronically underfunded Public TV. Yet, as this study shows, America could easily have the finest children's TV in the world, for less than one cent per day for each of the nation's 42 million children. Why we don't have it and what we can do to implement it are the key concerns of this incisive and valuable book.
$18.95, 194 pp.

SPORTS FOR SALE
Television, Money, and the Fans
David A. Klatell and Norman Marcus
With the bottom-line mentality that currently rules the major networks, it may well be that by the year 2000 most major sports will be seen only on cable TV. In the end, it is the fan who will pay the bill. In this colorful fact-filled account of televised sports, the authors explore this and numerous other connections among sports, TV, money, and the fans, covering the emergence of major cable sports networks, the growth of corporate marketing campaigns, and the vast impact of TV on sports, both for good and ill. **$18.95, 253 pp.**

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW:

Exploring the issues that shape our times

Each week, noted journalists analyze the events that affect our lives on "Washington Week in Review," public television's longest-running public affairs program.

Now in its 22nd year, "Washington Week in Review" provides a probing in-depth look at what is happening in the nation and the world.

Ford Motor Company, in its tenth consecutive year, is proudly joined by Ford Aerospace in underwriting this informative program.

"Washington Week in Review" is produced by WETA in Washington, D.C. Consult your local listings for day and time in your community.

Ford

The fierce development of Edgar Degas.

RELUCTANT BUTTERFLY

BY JOHN UPDIKE

OF THE GREAT impressionists, Degas probably had the worst eyes. His myopia was severe enough to excuse him from infantry duty; by his 40s he was virtually blind in his right eye; and by the 1890s he donned corrective spectacles blacked-out except for a small slit in the left lens. Complaints about *la vue* recur in his letters, and late in life he wrote to a friend, "I'll soon be a blind man. Where there are no fish, one should not pretend to be a fisherman." He was also, of this epochal group, the most color-shy, the least (not counting Toulouse-Lautrec) outdoorsy and sunny, and the finest draftsman—the only one whose pencil and charcoal drawings rank for delicate precision and three-dimensionality with those of the Renaissance. He studied under a disciple of Ingres, Louis Lamothe, and copied masterworks not only as a student but throughout his artistic life; of the young men who became the impressionists, he was the least rebellious, both in regard to his haut-bourgeois family and to the art preserved in the European museums.

Degas has been cast, in the docudrama of art history, as the memorializer of certain beloved, incessantly posterized subjects—ballet dancers and bathing women foremost, with horses and milliners affectionate also-rans. The visitor, however, to the huge Degas retrospective that New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has established in 12 of its galleries (after showings earlier this year in Paris and Ottawa) will have a long slog before he comes to something easy to love. There was a thick cocoon of umbrageous caution and dry wit that this particular butterfly had to wriggle out of.

The first galleries contain meticulous student sketches and those first whiffs of the peculiar Degas perfume, his early family portraits, including several studies of himself wearing a low-brimmed hat and a translucent mask of shadow. Unlike Rembrandt, he did not go on to record his face at every life-stage; he stopped in his 20s. But he continued to paint the members of his large family, with its branches in Naples and New Orleans, and his own dark heavy-lidded eyes and plump lips echo through their faces. His large painting of his aunt, Laura Bellelli, with her husband and two daughters, and the joint portrait of his sister, Thérèse Morbilli, and her husband are among Degas's somber masterpieces, memorable not least for the suggestion of domestic unease and estrangement that infects the slightly unsettled poses. Both paintings achieve their beauty almost entirely in neutral tints; the Morbillis are all gray and dark brown, with even the flesh tones subdued and deathly, and a great central spill of darkness dominates the Bellelli group, stark against the white of the girl's aprons and the blue-green of the wallpaper. This blue-green seems, as it ranges in his work from a soft aqua to an incandescent turquoise, a trace of Degas's soul, the one color that he loved.

The early rooms contain a number of ambitious salon pieces, addressing subjects from myth and history; through these paintings we can feel the blood ebbing from 19th-century academic painting. If not absolutely lifeless, *The Daughter of Jephthah* and *Semiramis Building Babylon* are certainly stilted, with their jigsaw pieces of "local color" in the pre-impressionist style and their populous events inscrutably swathed in antiquity. *Semiramis* occasioned some of Degas's finest drawings—pencil and watercolor studies of draped female forms, each fold scrupulously explored—and prophesied trends to come by containing a well-anatomized horse and by grouping most of its figures tightly in the center of the wide canvas, like people in a transparent elevator. *Scene of War in the Middle Ages*, his last attempt at historical painting, is a work of monstrous strangeness, illustrating no known happening but venting the artist's desire to show a number of female nudes in contorted poses, being cruelly slain as they are by an androgynous medieval bowman who, in a preliminary sketch, has breasts. The work seems psychologically as well as visually ugly, and it is something of a triumph of sublima-

John Updike's most recent book is *S.*, a novel (Knopf).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion that the slain females return, ennobled though still contorted, as the pastel bathing women of later decades.

Of the historical paintings, only *Young Spartans* is painless to look at, savoring as it so nakedly does of the studio: the brown young bodies, surrounded by a vague and shadowless outdoors, crouch and stretch purely for the benefit of the artist, who has left a number of legs in double outline. The painting was dear to Degas, and he kept it prominently displayed in his studio and worked at it off and on for 20 years. He was an incorrigible retoucher. He complained that an oil painting is never finished, and in more than one case took back a painting from a buyer and in effect ruined it with revision.

An unevenness of rendering sometimes betrays his restless methods; in his portrait of his Bellelli cousins, for instance, Giulia exists on a much ghostlier plane than Giovanna, as if a Redon and a Gainsborough shared the same canvas. And even in the admired painting from the same mid-1890s, *Woman Leaning Near a Vase of Flowers*, the flowers are painstakingly searched out, petal by petal, by another hand than that which casually dashes off the woman, her blurred gaze and sketchy brown dress front. *Racehorses* (1875-78) was reworked to the point that no single atmosphere encloses the superimposed figures, and we seem to be underwater. Degas was a fusser, a *bricoleur*, a studio assembler of effects. Even those works of his that seem most spontaneous and on the spot, the monotypes of brothels, had to be, from their technical nature, studio artifacts, and are unreal in their ubiquitous nudity and lack of individualization. A brilliant image like *The Song of the Dog* was worked up with gouache and pastel over a monotype base, and the paper was enlarged by the addition of strips—a frequent Degas refinement. In *Dancers in the Wing* ten separate bits of paper have been counted.

Degas's most brilliant and characteristic achievement might be described as the patient invention of the snapshot, before the camera itself was technically able to arrest motion and record the poetry of visual accident. Equipped with a collage of sketches and the compositional example of Japanese prints, he began, in the early 1870s, to make pictures truly novel in their off-center foci, the cropping action of their edges, their unexpected points of vantage and dramatic perspectives, the electric violence of their lighting.

The discovery of stage lighting, as a means of organizing a painting, effectuated an intensification of his vision, favoring his virtuosity at drawing and reducing color to a matter of highlights. In *The Orchestra of the Opéra*, the orchestra in the foreground is a dark mass of naturalistic portraits—each musician personally identifiable—and the background of actual performance is impressionistically splashed across the top, the dancers wittily cut off at their necks. *The Ballet from "Robert le Diable"* uses the same scheme with more concentrated anecdotal effect: a lot is happening in the overlapped silhouettes of audience and orchestra—one man is tilting his opera glasses upward, another man is blowing the stem of his oboe—while on the stage blurred white forms, out of focus in paint, are staging a crisis. This slanted staginess, this multiangled jumble of differently directed energies, animates not only the gaudy magic of the famous ballet pastels, but supplies the nervous energy in the paintings of jockeys and horses and in such melodramatic interiors as *The Song Rehearsal* and, in more stately fashion, *Portraits in an Office*, with its cast of 14 different men engaged in the cotton trade. The odd and murderous arrows of his medieval scene of war have become the darting arrows of overdirected modern attention.

THE PEDICURE, 1873

As the viewer makes his way through the middle galleries of this show, where Degas's charming theatricality asserts itself, one is aware not only of the figures represented but, with a strange intensity, of the rooms. *Portraits in an Office* with admirable thoroughness gives us the shelves, chairs, and windowed partitions of a New Orleans business office; *The Song Rehearsal* makes vivid the ocher walls and, with an architectural clarity, the moldings and trim of its large chamber; the stately bare spaces of the *Dance Class* in its several versions have a palpable, somewhat desolating presence; and a slightly earlier painting like the enigmatic *Interior* makes the room—whose odd immensity is left unfilled by its slender furniture and two preoccupied inhabitants—the main presence. In more intimate works like *The Pedicure* and *Hortense Valpinçon* the furniture and wallpaper mingle with the young female subjects in the forefront of our attention. The environment, we are invited to understand, is part of the picture, and with the same subtlety Degas's paintings of laundresses and milliners and entertainers imply an enveloping society, a world of work and display.

Degas's social realism disdains glamorization and also pity, of the kind that Daumier's paintings of the working class invoked. Degas's whores are fat women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well past first bloom, stolid and bored in their trade, and his ballet dancers are bony girls, professional or studying to be, drooping with fatigue offstage and helplessly yawning. He catches them in awkward moments, just as he likes to show, in little wax statues, horses rearing awkwardly, in off-balance poses that can have been maintained for less than a second. There is, in Degas, a democracy of vision that gives the awkward and the ugly equal representation with the graceful and beautiful; he anticipated a camera's capabilities in his cropped and eclipsed assemblages and also its dispassion, its acceptance of what it sees. The impressionist revolution, which began in Manet's trying to be faithful to his impression of reflections in water, has in detached, reactionary Degas its humanist, the least didactic of social observers.

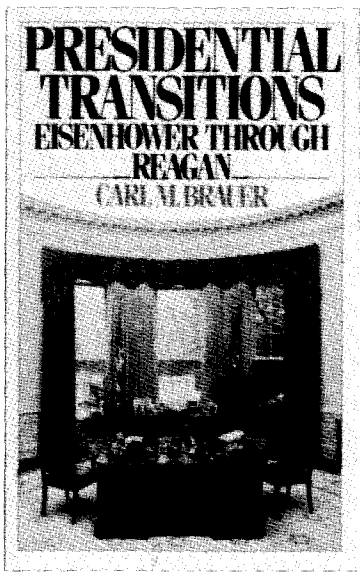
The leg-weary traverser of the 12 Metropolitan galleries will encounter by midjourney celebrated examples of Degas's wit and charm—*The Green Dancer*, seen from above, her tulle skirt spread in apotheosis of that pet blue-green color; and *The Little Fourteen-year-old Dancer*, the most poignant and pert of great statues. But he must wait until Gallery Nine for splendor. Degas's large pastel studies of women bathing were, we are told, the sensation of the last impressionist show, in 1886, and sociologically reflected a general increase of private bathrooms in the middle-class home. This scrupulous realist found, posing his models getting in and out of tin tubs, the perfect modern excuse for the female nude, which hitherto was encountered in mythology, which had become ridiculous, or in lovemaking, which was indecent.

BATHING created another occasion when women took off their clothes, and artists before Degas had seized upon it. But even in a contemporary like Renoir, the bathing beauty takes on a goddesslike glow and immobility, posed pink against the timeless sea. Degas's bathers are splendid by virtue only of the forms God gave them and the vivacious, glowing pastels in which Degas renders them. Chalk on paper has a slight graininess that answers to the texture of skin; his paintings of bathers are not quite so powerful, though even bigger in scale. He shows the women stepping into a tub, stepping out into a towel held by a servant, stooping to scrub or dry their feet, squatting and sponging the back of their necks.

The poses are angular and sometimes awkward, but even when a stooped-over position thrusts the buttocks at us, the representation's sexual content remains submissive to the larger natural fact that this is an animal body cleansing and grooming itself, in an atmosphere of silence and peace, of private holiday. The bodies loom solid and even plump; the plumpest of them, in *The Morning Bath*, was later nicknamed *La boulangère* (*The Baker's Wife*), and part of the greatness of this series is that these magnificent apparitions are always tied, by the tubs and pitchers and towels around them, to settings of homely middle-class domesticity.

Degas, who never married and kept no known mistress, was thought, by Manet among others, to be impotent; but these bathing women excite him. His excitement shows in the freedom and variety of his color; in the ardor of his line, softer but no less elegant than Ingres; in the rapacious vigor and variety of his strokes, which in some of the later nudes from the mid-1890s—one drying her feet and another lying on her stomach—show as scribbles and furious parallel rows that resolve into skin tint only at a significant distance. The *Seated Bather Drying Herself* of 1895 is perhaps the loveliest of all, the back twisted half into shadow and plunged into a nest of clothy patches of

"The...president-elect would benefit from reading this volume.... The new chief executive could gain important insight into what not to do given the gaffes of his predecessors."
—The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science



336 pp. paper $9.95

"Timely.... Historical and well-written .... *Presidential Transitions* illuminates a subject that has not been given serious scrutiny."
—The Review of Politics

"A splendidly written, deeply researched study of the ways in which newly elected presidents... have managed their transitions from candidacy to incumbency."
—James T. Patterson, *Brown University*

"The first full-length treatment of transitions [in] almost three decades."
—Political Science Quarterly

"Students of the presidency will find this excellent study... informative; future presidents will find it instructive."
—Journal of American History

At better bookstores or directly from
OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

color. In a virtual expressionist fury Degas began to steam and melt his pastels and press them into a kind of chalky impasto, and to etch the thickened surface with knives and needles.

Degas's late works experimented with roughness of execution, never losing his underlying integrity of drawing. The portrait of Rose Caron is almost faceless, yet it "reads" as a real presence. Some of his colored monotypes called landscapes are amazingly abstract. Only in the *Russian Dancers* series of 1899 did he reach beyond, for me, the useful limits of violence. Taking tracings of the same pose of wide-skirted Russian dancers, like pages of a coloring book, he filled in the outlines with frenzied colors, as if in a jubilant return to the "local color" of the academic tradition, and produced coarsely decorative images moving mostly in their bravery. They remind one of Monet's wildly chromatic studies of haystacks and cathedral fronts, with the difference that Monet was working from nature and actual light, where Degas was returning to the studio of imagination, which in the coming century would again dominate the painter's art.

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

The Thinking Reed: Intellectuals and the Soviet State, 1917 to the Present by Boris Kagarlitski

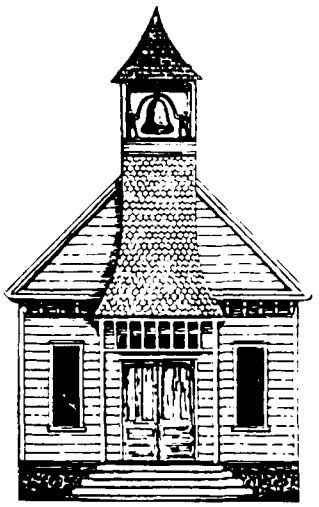
(Verso, 374 pp., $29.95)

Between the world wars there lived, in a small town in Poland, a young boy who was exceedingly good with numbers. The local rabbi, a man of the world, suggested that his parents take him to the university in Warsaw, to its famous department of mathematics, for an authoritative opinion about the abilities of the precocious young man. A leading professor examined him at length. "A most remarkable performance," he said, in amazement. "320 years after Napier, and apparently independent of him, this young man has discovered logarithms . . ."

Boris Kagarlitski is a precocious young Russian, and his story is quite similar. Thirty years later, and apparently on his own, he has discovered Herbert Marcuse—and, for good measure, Gramsci, Sartre, Lukacs, Adorno, Bloch, sundry Italian, Polish, and Hungarian neo-Marxists, Mounier, Berdiayev, Deutscher, Fischer, Mandel, Schumacher, Kolakowski, and many others. *The Thinking Reed* was written in part when the author was not yet 25 years old, just before his arrest, together with some friends, by the Brezhnev regime as a neo-Marxist dissident. (By that time he had also written a still unpublished book called *The Dialectics of Hope*.) He was held for a year in Lefortovo prison. Since his release in 1983, following the intervention of Western Communist parties, he has given countless interviews: to the *New Statesman*, the *Nation*, the *Washington Post* as well as the *Financial Times* and many other papers. He has written for the *New York Times*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, and the *New Left Review*.

Kagarlitski's English is excellent; he may have been taught by his father, who was an expert on H. G. Wells, Kipling, and science fiction. He has also won a libel action against *Komsomolskaia Pravda*, which claimed that he was anti-Marxist and ignorant. He has acted, in short, as the unofficial spokesman of the Soviet New Left. Indeed, if there is a belief in some Western circles that in the Soviet Union there exists a New Left, it is almost entirely due to the indefatigable, solitary efforts of Boris Kagarlitski, who seems to have disproved Lucretius's view that *ex nihilo nihil fit* (nothing comes from nothing).

Among his fellow dissidents in the Soviet Union, Kagarlitski's reputation is mixed. According to Ludmilla Alexyeva, the historian of Soviet dissent, Kagarlitski and his friends were released from prison after all but two of them had recanted, before a trial took place. There are those who view him as a domesticated oppositionist; others suspect that he has sold out to the regime. This latter charge seems unfair. Kagarlitski never made a secret of his disdain for the mainstream dissidents, of whom he was



Democratic Education

Amy Gutmann

Who should have the authority to shape the education of citizens in a democracy? This is the central question posed by Amy Gutmann. In a clear and readable style the author tackles a wide range of issues, from the democratic case against book banning to the role of teachers' unions in education, as well as the vexed questions of public support for private schools and affirmative action in college admissions.

"Amy Gutmann has written a courageous book in at least two respects. First, it tackles head-on some of the most controversial and sensitive issues that relate to educational policy, and, in many instances, proposes a resolution of those issues that runs contrary to prevailing opinion and practice. Secondly, the posture that Gutmann takes is frankly liberal, and, in recent years, open and undisguised liberalism has become something of a debased currency."
—Herbert M. Kliebard, Academe

Paper: $8.95 ISBN 0-691-02277-1

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR
Princeton University Press
41 WILLIAM ST. • PRINCETON, NJ 08540
(609) 452-4900
ORDERS 800-PRS-ISBN (777-4726)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never part. In one of his interviews, he observes that for his generation the failure of the dissidents in the '60s and '70s was the crucial experience, proof of their inability to change anything and to offer any ideological alternative:

> People ended up just saying that in principle you can't do everything [anything] in this country, so the only thing you can do, is criticize, for criticism's sake. . . . They used the same modes of thinking as those used in Stalinist textbooks. They were as intolerant as the Stalinists. It became clear that this wasn't the way forward. . . . For example, Stalinists say socialism is what exists in the Soviet Union today. The dissidents say the same thing. No democratic socialism is possible, say the Stalinists. Agreed completely, say the dissidents. So on theoretical points the dissidents agreed 100 percent with the Stalinists.

This is probably unjust to the dissidents. It certainly ignores the substantial differences between them. But it shows also that Kagarlitski himself is not a renegade dissident, that he always had reservations about the dissidents, and some common theoretical ground with the enlightened Marxists of the establishment. In his essays he attacks sharply not just Solzhenitsyn and Bukovsky, but also people of the left such as Sakharov and Roy Medvedev, whom he regards as babblers uttering mere platitudes, incapable of formulating a "scientific world outlook." It is perfectly true, of course, that Sakharov in Gorky had no chance to read Adorno and Bloch, preoccupied as he was with certain unpleasant aspects of Soviet reality. But Kagarlitski also dismisses the Hungarian and Polish revisionists (like Jacek Kuron), and he is disappointed with the Western New Left, "which is pragmatical and de-ideologized, whereas Russian culture is ideological and value oriented."

It should be noted that Kagarlitski's writings are on a considerably higher intellectual level than the writings of, say, Rudi Dutschke, Daniel Cohn Bendit, and Tariq Ali. Of course, he is writing with the benefit of hindsight. In fact, Kagarlitski is not a revolutionary in the style of 1968 at all. He is, rather, a revolutionary reformist: an "entryist," in Western left-wing parlance. He would like to work from within the system, like the German New Left, if only the system will let him. So it is that some of Kagarlitski's erstwhile associates now write for Soviet fringe publications, such as the organ of the Soviet Peace Committee, and Kagarlitski himself contributes to a trade union periodical. In brief, he is a man of sophistication, as well as of principle. There is even some evidence of a certain mellowing, at least in his footnotes, where he expresses regret for having been too intemperate in his criticism of Medvedev.

GIVEN SOVIET library restrictions, Kagarlitski's erudition is amazing, even though he probably has not read all the books he quotes from cover to cover. In fact, his work reads at times like a scrapbook of interesting excerpts from some of the leading thinkers of our time, (with, admittedly, some major omissions). But the real problem with Kagarlitski is different. Knowingly or unknowingly, and because of his access to the Western media, he has fostered the illusion that there is a New Left in the Soviet Union, and that it is not just a small group of like-minded intellectuals, but a political force of importance. He has referred to it as a "camp" or a "movement" comparable to the camp of the bureaucrats or the technocrats or the Russia-firsters.

In truth, the Soviet New Left is a *groupuscule*, consisting of a few dozen (if that) activists and maybe a few hundred (at most) fellow travelers, perhaps half of them of Jewish origin and the rest mostly the sons and daughters of the *nomenklatura* who flaunt their political and cultural avant-gardism. In other words, while Kagarlitski may be an interesting essayist, as a political leader he does not exist.

Nor does he have the political skills to become one. He engages, instead, in old-fashioned political analysis: "So the left is growing stronger, as are the extreme right and the conservatives, and the liberal-moderate tendencies are going to be weaker. All of which produces a lot of dangers, such as the possibility that the reactionary forces are growing stronger faster than the radical current" (which is to say, Kagarlitski and his friends). But if there is a "radical current" in the Soviet Union, it has nothing to do with Kagarlitski and his friends. It may be found on the fringes of the party or among the dissidents, not in the *groupuscules* in between.

For all its strange illusions and aberrations, the New Left in the West had something of a mass base. It was as much a cultural as a political phenomenon; and there was, with all the exaggeration, a grain of truth in the concepts of "post-materialist society" and "new so-

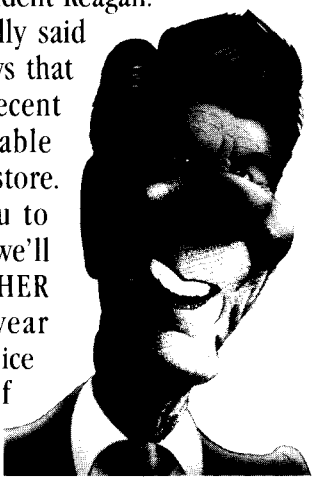
"Brilliant"
—Harrison E. Salisbury, Chicago Tribune
William Manchester, in this triumphant biography, contends that Churchill's lonely battle against appeasement, even more than his leadership in war, was the Last Lion's finest hour.
THE LAST LION
Winston Spencer Churchill
ALONE 1932-1940
William Manchester
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB MAIN SELECTION
At bookstores now
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
Associated Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

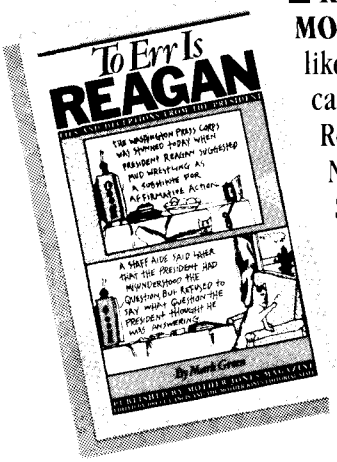
No Bull.

■ **NO OBLIGATION!** MOTHER JONES magazine will send you a free copy of *TO ERR IS REAGAN: Lies and Deceptions from the President*, when you mail in the attached card. In the three years since the publication of his eye-opening book, "There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error," writer Mark Green has continued to chronicle lies, tall tales and sheer lunacies from the mouth of President Reagan.

Now that President Reagan has had to repudiate nearly everything he originally said about the Iranian arms sale, everyone other than perhaps the First Lady knows that our 40th president is a chronic dissembler. *To Err is Reagan* provides recent instances of dissembling—prime examples of Reaganality. This indispensable 24-page publication is a MOTHER JONES exclusive and is not available in any store.



■ **WHY ARE WE GIVING AWAY THIS FREE BOOK?** Because we'd like you to try a trial subscription to MOTHER JONES. Fill out the attached card and we'll send you your free copy of *TO ERR IS REAGAN*, and a free issue of MOTHER JONES. If you like MOTHER JONES, you'll pay only $12.50 for a one-year subscription. If MOTHER JONES is not for you, just write "cancel" on your invoice and return it to us. You've spent nothing. You owe nothing. Your free copy of MOTHER JONES and your free copy of *TO ERR IS REAGAN* will be yours to keep.



■ **RIDE OUT THE REST OF THE REAGAN ERA WITH MOTHER JONES.** The Reagan administration doesn't like MOTHER JONES. They haven't liked us since July of 1980—the week Ronald Reagan was nominated as the GOP candidate—when we revealed Richard Allen's connections to fugitive financier Robert Vesco. Allen, of course, was eventually forced to resign his position as National Security Advisor, as one scandal followed another.

Since then, we have kept our readers abreast of the news behind the news about the Reagan administration. And we will continue to do so. Join us now! A one-year subscription will take you to the end of the Reagan era, and into a whole new political era.

If the attached card is missing, please send your name, address, and this ad to MOTHER JONES, 1886 Haymarket Square, Marion, OH 43305 for your free copy of *TO ERR IS REAGAN*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial movements." Moreover, it was a genuine generational revolt, which was a real consequence of the boredom generated by a period of unprecedented economic growth. And there was also justified protest against all kind of outdated institutions, customs, and beliefs.

The situation in the Soviet Union in 1988, however, could not be more different. Soviet society is not post-materialist, but post-Marxist. Its main problems are the regular supply to the population of essential commodities and services of a certain quality. The writings of the young Marx, even of Gramsci, have not the slightest bearing on the performance of Soviet agriculture, and neither Bloch nor Adorno will help to do away with the endless queues, which are probably the greatest curse on Soviet daily life. As for nationalism—both Russian nationalism and that of the minorities, another emerging problem of enormous consequence—Kagarlitski shows as much interest in, and sensitivity toward, this phenomenon as Marx did, and most 19th- and early 20th-century intellectuals.

The lessons of the last century, in short, have been lost on this Soviet New Leftist. He lives in a little fraternity permeated by the spirit of internationalism, in which national and racial differences do not exist, or at any rate do not count. (When he refers to Christian dissidents, they are most likely named Pinski and Pomerants.) It is a wondrous blindness, almost incomprehensible after years of exposure to school and street life in the Soviet Union. One day socialism and internationalism may have a second coming in Russia; but certainly not right now. After 70 years of "real socialism," of proletarian internationalism, of socialist realism and socialist justice, the pendulum has been swinging too far in another direction.

WHAT OTHER ideological planks remain, to give the Soviet New Left a specific character of its own? There is ecology, and the Third World; and Kagarlitski mentions his interest in both from time to time. But in these matters he somehow fails to carry conviction. I suspect that he is about as much interested in the Third World as his mentor Marcuse was. In this instance, moreover, his feelings are shared by almost all his compatriots, although for different reasons. In the wake of the Soviet Union's adventures in Asia and Africa—not to mention Afghanistan—and the meager returns from these escapades, the Soviet people have drawn a conclusion: they could not care less about the Third World. Ecological concerns, by contrast, have become exceedingly popular, and on a level of political abstraction the idea of establishing a "Red Green movement" has much to recommend itself. But once again Kagarlitski is a latecomer. The field is so popular that there is standing room only: the village writers, the Russian right, the minorities from Estonia to the Caucasus, have all been active for years fighting against pollution, and for the preservation of old monuments.

Lastly, there is the anti-capitalism of the New Left. Capitalism has never been popular in Russia; and Kagarlitski's strictures against what he calls the pro-capitalist (that is, the technocratic) elements in Gorbachev's camp are potentially quite attractive. But here, too, he has been pre-empted by the right-wingers and the neo-Stalinists, who use similar arguments to denounce the inherent evils of capitalism, free competition, price reform, and the abolition of state subsidies, and invoke the superiority of Russian spiritual values over Western materialism and mass culture. (Against this, Kagarlitski manages the following: "The New Left is oriented not just to material well-being but also to other, more spiritual values.") There are some common features, of course, between the anti-technocratic attitudes of the left and the right, but Russian right-wingers will not touch with a barge pole a "rootless cosmopolitan" like Kagarlitski.

This, then, is the story of an intelligent young man, of much learning and not much judgment, who was born at the wrong time in the wrong place. As far as the Soviet Union is concerned, he comes 70 years too late. (Perhaps 70 years too early; but that is far less certain.) Had he been a graduate of the City College of New York, class of 1939, or the University of California, Berkeley, class of 1968, one could imagine all kinds of prospects for him. In Moscow, 1988, however, there is very little room for people of his persuasion and provenance.

POSTSCRIPT. Since these lines were written, a long letter by Kagarlitski has appeared in a Soviet literary magazine: probably the first time he has been published outside samizdat. The question at issue was whether Soviet citizenship

INVEST IN
ISRAEL'S FUTURE
INVEST IN AMPAL

When you invest in Ampal, you enable us to provide long-term capital for Israel's industrial development. From orange groves to seaside hotels, from underwater observatories to gas and oil distribution, from high-tech enterprises to science-based R & D, Ampal helps build Israel's industrial future.

10% CURRENT INCOME DEBENTURE
• $10,000 minimum
• $100,000+ discounted to 97%

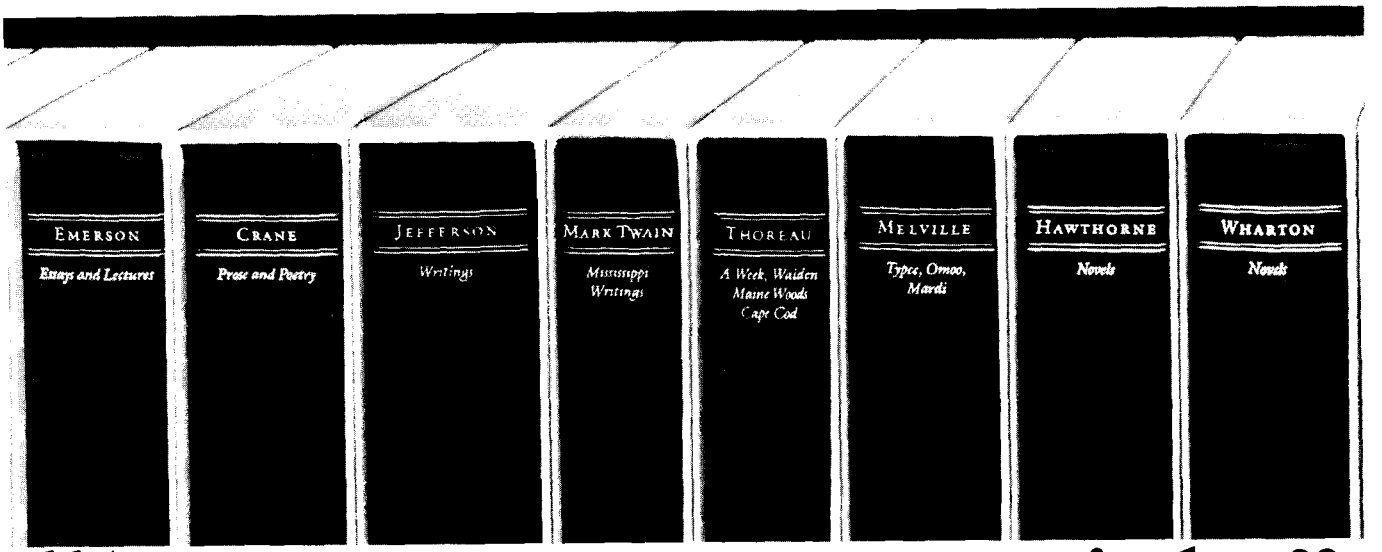
With an Ampal investment
100% of your investment goes to work immediately for you and for Israel.
Principal and interest are payable in U.S. dollars.
An American corporation, Ampal is a driving financial force that enables Israel to grow productively.
For more information and a prospectus call Ampal Securities Corporation

1-800-445-6508
In Wisconsin: 414-352-8870
Member NASD and SIPC

This is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy securities. The offer is made only by the prospectus which may be obtained in any state wherein the underwriter may lawfully offer the securities.

AMPAL
AMERICAN ISRAEL CORPORATION
Your American Corporate Connection to Israel
10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020-1956

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A great wrong...set right."

—*New York Times Book Review*

Announcing

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORS IN A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF DELUXE EDITIONS

Until now, much of American literature could be found only in old paperbacks and tattered, dog-eared hardcovers. Sadly, many of our most notable classics have even been allowed to go out of print. It was, as the critic Lionel Trilling wrote, "a national disgrace."

Now, that great wrong has at last been set right. In a milestone publishing event—funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation—the collected works of America's foremost authors will be preserved in a magnificent series of elegant new editions...THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA.

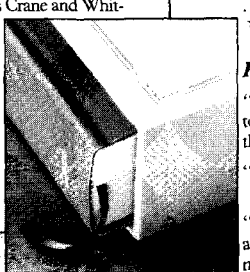
A complete, deluxe collection of American classics

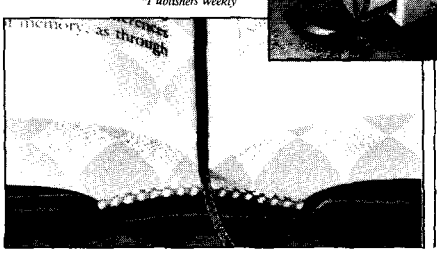
All of Melville, all of Hawthorne, all of Twain and Emerson and Thoreau—these and the writings of other major American novelists, historians, essayists, philosophers and poets will fill the pages of THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA. You'll read such authors as Crane and Whitman, Poe, Faulkner, Henry James and more. And every volume will be published as its author intended—in scrupulously accurate, unabridged editions.

Mail-order edition includes handsome slipcase—yet costs substantially less than the bookstore edition.

Superb quality makes every volume "a triumph of the bookmaker's art."*

**Publishers Weekly*





Take Mark Twain for only $5.95 and save $21.55 off the publisher's price. You need send no money now!

Accept this exciting, *introductory* offer from THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA. Let us send you *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings — The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson,* all complete in *one* volume — *risk-free for 15 days!* You can return the book in that time and owe nothing. Or keep it for just $5.95 (a $21.55 savings) plus shipping and handling. If you keep it, you earn the right to review other volumes — with no obligation to buy, *ever!* Complete and mail the coupon below today. *Send no money!* To speed your order, call toll-free **1-800-321-6640** Do it *now!*

Mark Twain

Superb editions in every detail...

- Handsome hard covers of natural cloth
- Easy-to-hold 5" x 8" format
- Protective gilt-trimmed slipcases available only in mail-order edition
- Smyth-sewn bindings ensure permanence
- Fine, opaque, *acid-free* paper makes the books lightweight and durable
- Bound-in ribbon markers, special end-papers, gilt-stamped spines
- 1,000 to 1,500 pages — equal to three, four, even five standard-sized books

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Praise for THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA...

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

"...a good investment for your home shelves." —*The Wall Street Journal*

"...the best and biggest, the finest looking, and the longest lasting edition of its kind ever made. Our American culture...lovingly recreated." —*The New Republic*

"...The most important book-publishing project in the nation's history." —*Newsweek*

"...The publishing event of the 1980's. A door-busting bargain—the best collectibles at the price in all of American publishing." —*Los Angeles Times*

"The need for such volumes has grown more urgent over the years." —*Time*

TAKE *MARK TWAIN* FOR ONLY $5.95.

No need to pay now or buy other books — EVER!

(You get 4 novels in one volume and savings of $21.55, too!)

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane • Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me my introductory volume, *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings*. I may keep it for only $5.95 (publisher's price $27.50) plus shipping and handling. Or I will return it and thus end the matter. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep it and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $21.95 plus shipping and handling (a substantial savings off the bookstore price). There's never any obligation to buy, and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bill me later.

Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

7NB3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be restored to Solzhenitsyn. Kagarlitski, not without reason, uses the opportunity to demand equal justice for all. Why not rehabilitate Trotsky? Why not bring out the works of Marcuse, Sartre, and Deutscher in the Soviet Union? Why does the literary journal *Moscva* publish long excerpts from Karamzin's Russian history and nobody thinks of bringing out Pokrovski's work, which was popular in the 1920s but banned since?

I suspect that Kagarlitski knows the answers to his own questions. There is infinitely greater interest in the well-written, patriotic history of Karamzin (1766-1826) than in the "vulgar Marxism" of Pokrovski. (The book, incidentally, *will* be published. But who will read it?) Like it or not, Trotsky is less popular these days in his native country than Solzhenitsyn. Soviet readers do not need Marcuse's *Soviet Marxism* to learn more about their official ideology. And Deutscher's *Stalin*, paradoxically, will find more admirers on the Russian right than on the left, because of its "objectivity," being neither Stalinist nor anti-Stalinist.

All this may seem very confusing, but it helps to explain why Kagarlitski (like Marcuse, Deutscher, and others) will find many more readers in this country than in his own. The reason is simple: there are more Marxists in our universities than in the whole of the Soviet Union.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur's new book, *Long Road to Freedom: Russia and Glasnost*, will be published by Scribner early next year.

THE DISTANT SHAW

Bernard Shaw: 1856-1898, The Search for Love by Michael Holroyd

(Random House, 496 pp., $24.95)

It is the fate of those who live very long lives to be remembered in their latest phase. Most of us have a clear image of George Bernard Shaw: an aged aged man, white-bearded in a clean-shaven era, playwright emeritus, the sage of Ayot St. Lawrence and the patron saint of the British socialist establishment. This first volume of Michael Holroyd's biography is about a rather different man. The hair is red this time, the complexion pale, the movements energetic and nervously jerky; this is the story of a young Irishman in London, an outsider, poor, with little conventional education, heroically industrious in often discouraging circumstances. By the time Holroyd ends the book, with Shaw's marriage at the age of 42, his achievements have been phenomenal: he has written five novels and eight plays, given more than a thousand lectures, attended hundreds of meetings as a municipal councillor and numberless more socialist gatherings, produced political tracts and an immense quantity of musical, literary, and other journalism. This is vastly more than most people can manage in a lifetime.

Yet this is in a way a story of late development, almost of failure. Compare Shaw's fellow Irishman, Oscar Wilde, two years his junior. At the age of 42 he was already in Reading Gaol, his brilliant career effectively at an end. If Shaw had died on his wedding day, he would be remembered now only as an interesting minor Victorian, like Frank Harris or George Augustus Sala. His novels remain unread (well, perhaps a few people read *Cashel Byron's Profession*): as a publisher's rejection letter said of one of them, "It suffers in our opinion, from the fatal effect on a novel, of not being interesting." As for the plays, he had had some small success, both in a London suburb and in America, with *Arms and the Man*, but he had yet to reach the West End, and was thinking of giving up writing for the stage as a bad job.

His musical criticism was greatly admired at the time (and it was certainly a novelty to attack the audience as well as the music), but his judgments have not stood the test of time: he thought Hermann Goetz one of the best German composers of the century, found Schubert merely sugary and Brahms vacuous; nor was his championship of Wagner original at that date. In active politics he had risen to the highest office he was to achieve, as a local councillor in a London borough, and fought his biggest campaign, for a more generous provision of ladies' lavatories. The gift of decisive leadership was never to be his. A man shouted to him at a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, "Shaw, give us a lead. What are we to do?" "Nothing," was the reply. And the political pamphleteering, though shrewd and witty, was ephemeral; and did it change anything? His friend William Archer thought not: "He loses influence by being such an incorrigible jester, by wearing the cap and bells in and out of season."

Holroyd shows very clearly that Shaw had no choice but to begin late. His childhood was spent in a loveless household, thrown into confusion by his father's dipsomania. His mother found consolation in an emotional attachment to a lame Catholic musician, George Vandeleur Lee, allegedly a model for Du Maurier's Svengali. Lee joined the Shaw household in a ménage à trois (Shaw's own phrase), though there was apparently no sexual relationship between him and Mrs. Shaw. In 1873, after some kind of professional disappointment, Lee suddenly left for London. A few days later Mrs. Shaw followed him, taking her two daughters with her but leaving her husband and 16-year-old son behind. The young Shaw, who had been unhappy and unsuccessful at school, took a humble clerking job for a while, before leaving to join his mother. It was then, in London, that his education really began. For eight years he worked daily in the British Museum, teaching himself politics, economics, and music, and reading through the Encyclopaedia Britannica almost entire.

One of the keys to Shaw's literary personality is indeed that he was an autodidact. The man who teaches himself has had to arrive at his opinions painfully, through his own efforts: therefore he knows that he is right. And Shaw never lacked self-confidence; as Will Rothenstein remarked, "He did not wait until he was famous to behave like a great man." But blended with his talent was a coltish naïveté. At the age of 22 he started his first novel, *Immaturity*, which analyzed that youthful characteristic with a lordly superiority. A year earlier he had composed *My Dear Dorothea*, subtitled "A Practical System of

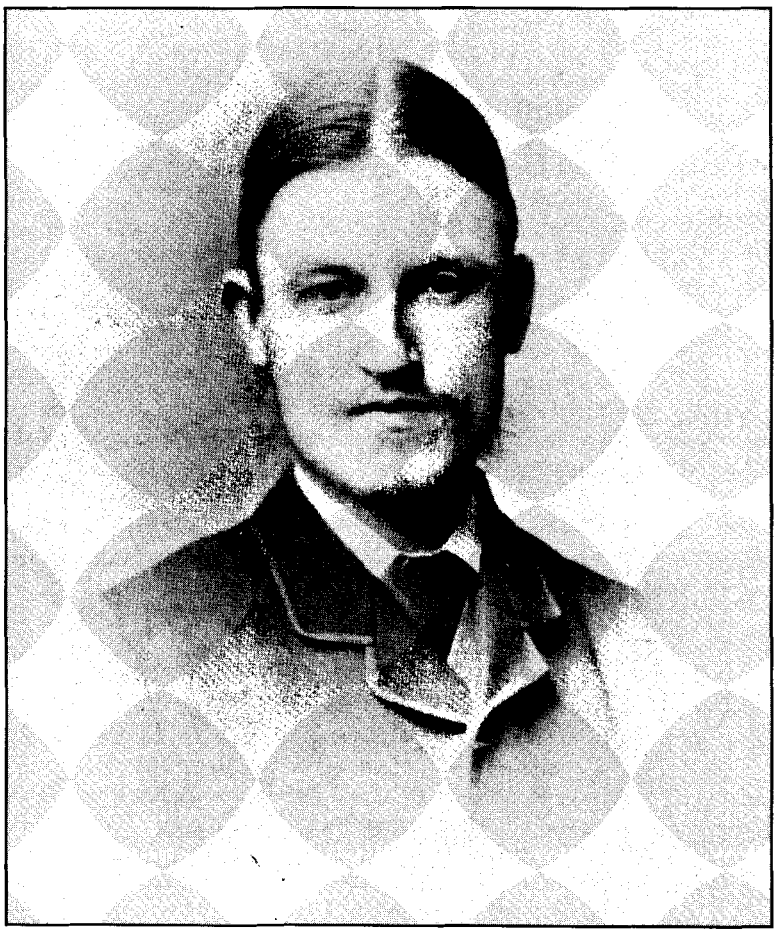
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moral Education for Females Embodied in a Letter to a Young Person of that Sex," and a verse drama in which Judas Iscariot lectures Jesus on the importance of moral independence.

Such heights of worldly wisdom are, of course, characteristic of the very young. Indeed, they suggest the precocious schoolboy; we cannot imagine Wilde in his 20s betraying such lack of sophistication. Typical of the autodidact, too, was the combination of advanced views with old-fashioned tastes. As an art critic he favored Millais, Holman Hunt, and the Pre-Raphaelites—*vieux jeu* to the highbrows of the 1880s. Under the socialist coloring, his novels tend to have the structure of the mid-Victorian bildungsroman; they scarcely suggest that this was the age of Meredith and Henry James. Equally, Shaw was innocent of aestheticism, at a time when all the bright young things in London were reading Pater, decaying gracefully and burning with a hard gemlike flame. Here perhaps it was an advantage to be an outsider: Shaw preserved a Victorian earnestness and energy into an age in which they had grown out of fashion.

Michael Holroyd's biography has arrived in a blaze of publicity, a fact that has some bearing on its character. A note at the front of the American edition explains why it appears in British spelling. The reason might seem obvious: the book originated in England, and it would be a long, tedious, and very expensive process to produce a different version for another market. But no, perish the thought: "For this American edition of my biography, I have decided not to translate British English into American English so that American readers may have the advantage of sharing Shaw's irritation at its irregularities, and experience with amusement or relief his reaction against them in the authentic Shavian English quotations." Well, fancy that. Britons never never shall be slaves, but they can sometimes be so ingratiating that you would hardly notice the difference.

This minor absurdity is perhaps revealing, for here is a biography that is terribly eager to please. This first volume is titled *The Search for Love*; the next two are to be called *The Pursuit of Power* and *The Lure of Fantasy*. This is a Shaw that Judith Krantz and Harold Robbins could write about. One quite sees that *Bernard Shaw: The British Museum Years*, or *Bernard Shaw: The Lure of Municipal Administration*, would not have the same commercial appeal, but they would be nearer the truth.



SHAW IN HIS EARLY 20s

Holroyd certainly lays great weight on Shaw's sexual and emotional life, and he tells the story well, sometimes touchingly. Sadly, it shows Shaw at his worst. "My genius for hurting women is extraordinary," he told Ellen Terry, "and I always do it with the best intentions." That comes a little too pat. His most complicated entanglement was with Jenny Patterson, 15 years his senior, who fell desperately and ridiculously in love with him, like a Gilbert and Sullivan contralto. There was also the actress Florence Farr, before she discovered theosophy and took to playing the psaltery, ending up as the principal of a girl's school in Ceylon. And there were endless flirtations with married women; Shaw claimed that he was helping their husbands by "feeding their wives' imaginations and relieving them of the strain of being the family idol." Not all husbands appreciated the favor.

Holroyd's theory is that Shaw was searching for love. He felt rejected by his mother in childhood, and in his dalliances with married women he was trying to re-create the triangular relationship between Lee and his parents, taking the role of Lee (or sometimes that of his father). It cannot be said that any evidence is offered for this theory, which seems pretty crude. Sometimes Holroyd's psychologizing is dotty. Why did Shaw dislike *The Importance of Being Earnest*? It tells of a baby left in a railway station, and once Shaw's father (not even Shaw himself) went to meet his wife off the train and had a "queer feel."

But such nonsense apart, Holroyd's idea seems not only arbitrary but implausible. It diminishes Shaw to see his socialism as psychotherapy, his work as a substitute for sexual energy. The truth appears to be the other way round. He had little time for developing his emotional life because he was so busy with his work, and rather than searching for love, he preferred cooler relations that he could pick up, drop, and pick up again as suited him; that was why his treatment of Jenny Patterson was so cruel. Nor was he sexually voracious: Edith Nesbit told him bitterly, "You had no right to write the Preface if you were not going to write the book."

The suspicion must be that Holroyd presents Shaw in the way he does not because it fits the facts, but because this is the only way of writing a biography he knows. He made his name with his fascinating life of Lytton Strachey, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Recognition
Of His Dedication
To
The Enduring Values
Of Our Country
and
Civilization

The
United States
Industrial Council
Educational
Foundation
Is
Pleased To Present
The 1988
American Values Award
To

Historian
Teacher
Citizen
Dr. Thomas J. Fleming
Editor of *Chronicles*,
published by
The Rockford Institute

Honoring the champions of private enterprise, individual liberty and America's traditional values.

USIC Educational Foundation
220 National Press Building
Washington, D.C. 20045
202 · 662 · 8755
Anthony Harrigan, President.

man of genuine (though minor) talent, whose slender oeuvre includes a clever, mean-spirited book that was once influential; he wrote marvelously entertaining letters, knew lots of famous people, and led a bizarre emotional life. We could follow his life from week to week rather as one might follow a soap opera, enjoying an amusing story spiced with some superior sexual gossip. But Shaw's nature cannot be caught by this annalistic method, partly because he is a much bigger man, partly because his private life was not the mainspring of his public being, and partly because he was enmeshed in the world of his time. We need to see him in a context, against political, social, and cultural backgrounds, with all of which Holroyd is manifestly ill at ease.

THERE IS, in fact, a puzzle about Shaw's political development. He was converted by reading Marx; shortly afterward he joined H. M. Hyndman's Marxist group, soon abandoning it for the Fabian Society. Now the Fabians were committed to what Sidney Webb was to call "the inevitability of gradualness": they took their title from Fabius Maximus, the Roman who defeated Hannibal by refusing to engage him in battle until his troops were demoralized and his supplies exhausted, and was therefore nicknamed Cunctator, the Delayer (in Holroyd's version, "the Waiter," as though the great man were an employee of the Ritz). This is an odd group for such a young man full of fresh revolutionary fervor to join. Shaw's own story was that he was converted away from Marx's economic theory by trying to write tracts in defense of it—after he had joined the Fabians. It seems possible that he was at one time further to the left than it later suited him to admit, that he originally intended to use the Fabians as a stalking horse for more radical designs. At any rate, there is a question here.

Another question: How important was Shaw's Irish background to his life? Holroyd is at his most uncomfortable here; he does not understand the social structure of the 19th century, still less its local variations in John Bull's Other Island. "The Shaws made no secret of being aristocrats," he says. This is wrong; they were not aristocrats at all. In fact, Holroyd says three things about the Shaws: first, that they were descended from the Danish and Norman conquerors of Ireland in the Middle Ages and the Cromwellian settlers of the mid-17th century; second, that they were descended from William Shaw, an English soldier of fortune who came across with William III at the end of the 17th century, acquired an estate, and established his descendants as landed gentry in Kilkenny; third, that they were Dublin businessmen. These three statements are not absolutely incompatible, but they need a good deal of sorting out.

"I AM PURE Dublin," Shaw himself said. In other words, the family was not based on the broad acres of the Irish countryside, like the gentry. The fact seems to be that the Shaws were urban middle-class, clerks, bankers, corn-merchants, and the like: they were, in the Victorian phrase, "in trade," not gentlemen at all. A distant cousin did well in banking and earned himself a baronetcy in 1821; readers of Jane Austen, recalling Sir William Lucas in *Pride and Prejudice*, will appreciate that becoming a baronet did not make you a gentleman, though it might confer gentility on your descendants. It certainly did not make gentlemen of second and third cousins. Shaw's upbringing was shabby-genteel, with the natural insecurities of the petite bourgeoisie intensified by his father's drunken incompetence. The dread of becoming déclassé, always strong in such circumstances, had in Ireland its own peculiar terrors, for beneath were strange, dangerous people of different race and religion, the pullulating popish Irishry. "No Shaw," says Holroyd, "could form a social acquaintance with a Roman Catholic"; but these Shaws had Vandeleur Lee on the premises.

Shaw was no bigot, but it would be surprising if these humiliating circumstances had had no effect on him. He was miserable at the Central Model Boys' School, an experience that he was to describe in old age in a chapter of his memoirs titled "Shame and Wounded Snobbery." The school, he claimed, was "undenominational in theory but in fact Roman Catholic." Holroyd says that this was untrue: in Shaw's form Protestants outnumbered Catholics by nearly 2-to-1. What we find in the old Shaw's reminiscences is the young Shaw's fear of the Catholic taint. And this surely affected his political views. It is true that there was a paternalist streak in all Fabian socialism, but Shaw is distinctive in the strength of his anti-democratic feeling. As a borough councillor he declared, "Give the public not what they want but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what they ought to want and don't." And socialism, he said, "is, and always has been, an attack on idleness." In these utterances we hear the voice of the Dublin Protestant, contemptuous of the hopeless, feckless Irishry below him.

Once more it is revealing to compare Wilde. Sir William and Lady Wilde, a successful surgeon and literary hostess, gave their son the middle names Fingal O'Flahertie. The Gaelic revival was invented by the Englishry; the Catholic clergy opposed it, fearing that it would imprison the Irish people in a backward-looking provincialism (the subsequent history of Ireland has given some color to this charge). It was the confidence of social distinction that allowed the Wildes to indulge in their Celtic gestures; here, in anticipation, is the spirit of Lady Gregory and Coole Park, of Queen Maeve and Cuchulain at the Abbey Theatre. The petit bourgeois Shaws could not risk the luxury; and throughout Shaw's work, the Celtic tone remains absent. Ireland deeply influenced his development, but in a negative way: it was the thing from which he had to escape.

SHAW'S cleverness was to stop a couple of gaps in the market. The first was for an English Ibsen; someone was bound to fill this role sooner or later, but Shaw got in first. (O'Neill had to be a homespun Aeschylus instead, a tougher part to play.) The second was for the wise jester. Nowadays the quirky, provocative, humorous commentator on politics and society is a familiar figure, and we may forget how original was the role that Shaw made for himself. The English are said to distrust intellectuals, but Shaw realized that there was a place for a socialist sage, provided that he was a comic sage. The appeal of this part spread far beyond Britain. It was this, even more than his plays, that made him a world figure.

His comic talent was a fairy gift, a blessing that turned sometimes to a curse. Archer told him in 1921, "I doubt if there is any case of a man so widely read, heard, seen, and known as yourself, who has produced so little practical effect on his generation." Often the wit is splendidly inventive. Take his notorious remark about Shakespeare: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." It is the presence of Scott that gives the tang to this. The sequence Homer, Shakespeare, Shaw would be obvious braggadocio; but with the addition of poor Sir Walter—ah, there's the twist, the tease.

But he was under the curse laid upon every funny man: to have to go on being funny. When inspiration flagged, he relapsed into mere paradox. Holroyd quotes a couple of examples at the start of one of his sections: "What people call health . . . is a mistake. Fragility is the only endurable condition"—"I am a species of savage and cannot be entertained like a civilized man. In short, I am a vegetarian." These remarks strive to be piquant simply by saying the opposite to what might be expected; they are neither clever nor true. And here, perhaps, lies the key to the strand of silliness that runs through his writings: he had to be right about everything, he had to have an opinion about everything (the autodidactic streak again), and it had to be a striking opinion. So he was bound to be perverse at times.

Still, comedy was the making of him. Another stroke of genius was to make his appearance part of his public personality. The famous beard was a kind of accident to begin with (he grew it to hide the scars of smallpox), but it became even more a part of him than the features he was born with. It was noted that in the photograph taken after his death "he preserved the same puckish expression he had borne through life. His beard still stuck out at the same perkily truculent angle." Most of us can express ourselves through mouth and eyes; it takes talent to do it with one's hair. Like the characters of mythic fiction—Mr. Micawber, say, or the Mad Hatter—he became inseparable from the clothes he wore. Chesterton observed that his woolen Jaeger suit matched his beard and complexion "as if it were a sort of reddish brown fur, . . . like the hair and eyebrows, a part of the animal." His own explanation was:

> It is my practice to make a suit of clothes last me six years. The result is that my clothes acquire individuality, and become characteristic of me. The sleeves and legs cease to be mere tailor-made tubes; they take human shape with knees and elbows recognizably mine. When my friends catch sight of one of my suits hanging on a nail, they pull out their penknives and rush forward, exclaiming, "Good Heavens! he has done it at last."

There is something equivocal about this account of himself. It was surely true that he was too poor and too busy to bother about clothes and appearance, and yet he is keenly self-conscious about his lack of self-consciousness. In a way, one can compare another figure who stamped his personality upon the national consciousness, William Gladstone. When the statesman received the news that Queen Victoria had summoned him to form a government, he was cutting trees. He laid down his ax and declared, "My mission is to pacify Ireland." That is a scene at once natural and theatrical; not exactly premeditated, yet not unconscious of its effect. Shaw had a similar capacity. He spent his life being himself, and yet he turned being Shaw into an art form; and he made the adjective "Shavian" part of the English language. It is the mythic gift.

RICHARD JENKYNS

Richard Jenkyns is the author of *Three Classic Poets: Sappho, Catullus and Juvenal* (Harvard University Press).

SITTING FOR INGE MORATH

Her camera—then a focused face
maneuvers to seek with a blue eye
what in my face she would embrace.

"I have an idea," her smile a trace
to reassure—and posing, I comply.
Her camera, then a focused face

catch a countenance I'd efface.
She's triumphant, almost wry.
What in my face she would embrace

I can't predict. We talk of place,
become friends, light moves with each try:
Her camera, then a focused face

(together a sort of minotaur) race
shadow and my poise to prophesy
what in my face she would embrace

in darkroom darkness, how I'll grace
paper—first a fray of shadow filched by
her camera, then a focused face:
what in my face she would embrace.

HONOR MOORE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Call for any book

• Immediate shipment worldwide. • Credit cards or check. • Ask about our overnight gift delivery nationwide. • Free monthly New Title Forecast. • Mail orders welcome. • Open 24 hours every day.

BOOK CALL

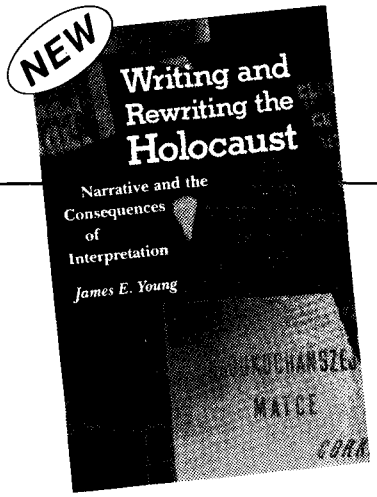
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

The Graduate Faculty

Z Aristide Zolberg
Vera Zolberg
Henri Zukier

For *everyone* in The Graduate Faculty, *A through Z*, write or call for a Bulletin: Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, 65 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10003
(212) 741-5710

NEW



At the heart of this work is the assumption that we cannot know the Holocaust—or any other historical epoch—outside of the ways it is passed down to us in its many texts. Rather than concentrating solely on the literary depiction of bloody horror, Young asks precisely how historical memory and understanding are created in Holocaust diaries, memoirs, fiction, poetry, drama, video testimony, and even in its memorials. **$27.50**

At bookstores, or order from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
10th & Morton Sts., Bloomington, IN 47404
812-335-6804

INSIDE, OUTSIDE

The Fate of Nations: The Search for National Security in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries by Michael Mandelbaum

(Cambridge University Press, 416 pp., $39.50, $13.95 paper)

Why is Nicaragua dangerous? According to Ronald Reagan, because the Sandinistas are Marxists, and Marxist states are inherently aggressive. Why is Iran or Libya a problem? Because Muammar Qaddafi and the Ayatollah Khomeini are irrational fanatics. Why is *glasnost* a force for peace? Because a Soviet Union that is more open at home will be less likely to cause trouble abroad. Whatever the merits of these beliefs, they all reflect the common tendency to explain foreign policy from the "inside out." In this view, a state's behavior flows from its domestic characteristics or its leaders' preferences and personalities.

In his new book, Michael Mandelbaum takes the opposite approach. Instead of looking "inside out," he focuses on the constraints that the international system imposes on its members. Whatever their personal preferences and domestic imperatives, national leaders cannot escape the fact that no international agency exists to protect states from one another. The fate of nations, therefore, is "that each is forced to protect itself against attack." From an "outside in" perspective, states do what they must and occasionally what they can, but they are rarely able to do just what they want.

All states share this fate, but some face greater challenges and some are better equipped to meet them. As a result, the security policies that states adopt will be influenced by their positions in the larger system of states. States placed in different external circumstances will prefer different security policies, even if their internal traits are identical. By contrast, when facing similar international conditions, even states whose internal orders are different will be drawn toward similar strategies.

This perspective enjoys a distinguished lineage. The constraining effects of international anarchy were noted by Thucydides, developed further by Ranke and Rousseau, and explored in depth by modern scholars like Hans Morgenthau and Kenneth Waltz. To expand on their insights, Mandelbaum offers six "interpretive essays" on the security policies of different states. These essays are intended "to identify the basic varieties of security policy . . . created by variations of the international system itself." As Mandelbaum himself admits, this perspective contains an important source of bias. The "outside in" approach emphasizes constraints that are largely beyond a statesman's control. As a result, his perspective "is sympathetic to the particular countries and to those responsible for conducting their security policies." This approach leads Mandelbaum to conclude that "national security policies have been more sensible and prudent, even when unsuccessful, than they have often been retrospectively judged."

Mandelbaum's six cases form three loose pairs, each one illustrating different ways in which external conditions shape security policy. Great Britain and Japan are presented as examples of "free-riding"; their positions in the system enabled them to maximize security and prosperity by exploiting others. Because the continental powers balanced each other for most of the 19th century, Britain could devote most of its efforts to protecting its empire. Only when Germany's rising power and revisionist ambitions undermined this system was Britain forced to return to the more costly policy of balancing power directly. As for Japan, because the United States favored a liberal economic order and was intent on containing communism, Japan enjoyed both ample protection and a variety of economic concessions.

The second pair—France between the wars and contemporary Israel—illustrates the behavior of medium powers. Because medium powers are by definition roughly equal to their opponents, Mandelbaum suggests that these states "have a wider range of choice" than either strong or weak states. For medium powers, the problem is deciding which options are most likely to succeed. After World War I, France's main goal was to prevent the restoration of German military power. Many options were available (such as collective security agreements, defensive alliances, attempts at Franco-German reconciliation, and the direct use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of force) and all were tried. Yet none of them succeeded, because France could not contain Germany by itself and could not obtain adequate support from others. Israel's choices have been even more difficult: although it is strong enough to defeat its Arab rivals, it cannot impose a lasting peace. Thus, Israel faces a classic "security dilemma": the steps that might make peace possible (such as territorial concessions) may also leave Israel less secure. Israel is not without options, but its inherent vulnerability makes choosing among them especially hard.

The final pair—the United States and China since World War II—is used to show how differences in power affect security policy. As the strongest state in the system, the United States was free to project its values abroad and to worry about very remote contingencies. Fearful of the "domino principle," by which any minor loss might trigger an adverse "chain reaction," the United States took on an extraordinary array of global commitments. By contrast, as a relatively weak state, China was forced to seek Soviet protection in the 1950s and American support in the 1970s. China's bellicose rhetoric and its willingness to use force is portrayed as a response to weakness as well: by demonstrating their willingness to fight, China's leaders successfully discouraged either superpower from attacking them directly.

LIKE MANDELBAUM'S earlier books, *The Fate of Nations* is gracefully written. He marshals an impressive array of history and a wide range of theory in support of his thesis. Moreover, he is careful to acknowledge the limits of the "outside in" approach. The system does not explain everything, and Mandelbaum does not try to insist that it does.

Despite these strengths, however, this book is less than the sum of its parts. The case studies break little new ground; they reflect the prevailing wisdom. It is hardly news to learn that Israel faced difficult security choices, that the United States feared falling dominoes, or that Japan has been a "free-rider." Most readers will have already learned these things from the *New York Times*. Similarly, Mandelbaum's frequent theoretical digressions—on game theory, oligopoly theory, Durkheim's notions of society, and so on—will be old hat to most academics. And again, the central theme of the book—that foreign policy is shaped by the international system—is an argument that goes back several centuries. Indeed, given that security policy by definition addresses threats beyond one's borders, it would be surprising if the outside environment had no effect.

Mandelbaum's claim to originality lies in his attempt to provide a more systematic account of how the system shapes security policy. Unfortunately, that ambition is undermined by the unsystematic way that he proceeds. First, his use of the concept of "system" is not consistent. For Mandelbaum, the international system sometimes varies according to the distribution of power (as from multipolar to bipolar); at other times it varies according to the policies that states select (as from a "managed balance of power" to a system of "self-help"). At times a state's position is defined in terms of the entire system (as with the United States or China), at other times it is defined in terms of a particular region (as with Israel). This casual approach to measurement makes for some odd comparisons. For example, in the 19th century Britain was the world's dominant industrial, financial, *and* naval power, and it possessed an enormous overseas empire. Japan's postwar position is hardly comparable; indeed, Japan's weakness was the main reason why the United States granted it trade concessions after World War II. Yet Mandelbaum sees both states as "free-riders," a comparison that weakens his claim that the system strongly conditions behavior.

It is equally odd to classify Israel as a "medium power" and China as a "weak state," while at the same time arguing that Israel's vulnerability made its "security dilemma" especially intense. If vulnerability is not weakness, what is it? Finally, Mandelbaum's claim that "medium powers" enjoy more latitude than strong states is simply wrong. As his own account of American foreign policy reveals, strong states, unlike medium-sized states, are free to project their values throughout the system and to worry about remote contingencies, because they do not face imminent threats.

The "outside in" approach reminds us that statesmen's choices are not infinite, that the need for security places limits on what is possible. But no matter how tight the constraints of the system, there is always some room for maneuver. And no matter how sophisticated the analysis, a systematic perspective cannot tell us either which choices will be made or whether they were intelligent or foolish.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

POLO SHIRT

The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: The New Republic polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our attractive new logo, The New Republic polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. The New Republic polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $1.25 per shirt for shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.

To: THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT OFFER, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036

Please send me _____ polo shirt(s) in size(s) _____.

I have enclosed a check/money order in the amount of _____ to cover the cost of the shirt ($24.50 each) plus shipping ($1.25 each) plus applicable sales tax (D.C. Residents add 6%.) My address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the more troublesome defect of this book. Because his approach is "sympathetic to those responsible for conducting security policies," Mandelbaum is uncritical of the statesmen whose policies he describes.

THIS RELUCTANCE to render judgment is due in part to his choice of cases; with the exception of France, none of these states was conquered during the periods he examines. If survival is the sole criterion for success, then his conclusion that most security policies were "sensible and prudent" is not surprising. But survival is a rather modest achievement (although security is always a problem, the death rate among states is quite low), and it ignores the issue of how security policy might be improved. Moreover, had he chosen Wilhelmine or Nazi Germany, Imperial Japan or Nasser's Egypt, he might have been led toward a more critical view.

When Mandelbaum does touch upon more serious failures, he is still tolerant of human folly. For example, he argues that Japanese expansionism in the 1930s was partly due to other states' protectionist policies, which threatened Japan's access to raw materials. But if that was the problem (and it was greatly exacerbated by Japan's senseless attempt to conquer Manchuria), the solution Japan chose, expansion in Southeast Asia and war with the United States, was still a catastrophic blunder. Similarly, discussing Germany's role in World War I, Mandelbaum writes that the Germans "came to believe that what they could gain from upsetting the European status quo was more valuable to them than peace." Where did this belief come from? Was it accurate? Why did Germany embrace it? The author does not ask; indeed, his language implies that Germans simply got ahold of some odd ideas (never mind how) and so plunged Europe into a disastrous war.

Although the system shapes behavior, it is not a shield that national leaders should be permitted to hide behind. By operating primarily at the systematic level, Mandelbaum tends to free political leaders from responsibility for their decisions. Thus he correctly attributes the American tendency to intervene in far-flung regions to its dominant position and its fear of "falling dominoes," but he does not ask if these fears were well founded, or if the policies they provoked made sense. Similarly, although the dilemmas Israel faces are outlined clearly, the mistakes that have been made in dealing with them (such as its invasion of Lebanon in 1982) receive virtually no attention. It is obvious that states can do many things; but not all of them will be wise or humane.

Was it rational for the United States to squander resources in areas like Vietnam? Was the domino theory ever examined carefully? Was there any evidence that America's major allies would jump ship if we disowned a few corrupt and incompetent clients in the Third World? If not, then how did such misconceptions arise, and why did they last so long? From an "outside in" perspective, events like the Vietnam War become neither tragedies nor mistakes, they are just "business as usual" for a great power. As presented here, therefore, these cases provide little guidance for how to improve security policy in the future.

The Fate of Nations is a useful antidote to the simpleminded belief that a state's foreign policy is determined only by internal factors. Being aware of the dangers that all states face reminds us that other countries will worry about their security as much as we worry about ours. This realization should be somewhat sobering. If the Reagan administration thinks three million impoverished Nicaraguans are a threat, imagine how the Sandinistas feel about us. This perspective also reminds us that no security policy will ever be perfect. But this knowledge does not absolve policy-makers of the need to make intelligent choices, and it does not relieve scholars of the task of evaluating these decisions carefully.

STEPHEN M. WALT

Stephen M. Walt teaches politics and international affairs at Princeton University and is the author of *The Origins of Alliances* (Cornell University Press).

Serious Lighting
for Serious Readers
Write or call for FREE Catalog
LEVENGER–Tools For Serious Readers
Dept. NR13, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

INTENSITIES & ANALOGIES
by A.R. Thurar
The psychological reasons for everyday behaviors: Art, Drama, Love, Music, Religion, Sex, Sports & many others.
ECR Press, P.O. Box 1208, Stn. B, Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1P 5R3. $8 + $2 s/h (chq. or m.o.)

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

enforce contracts," comes as close to being clearly wrong as a historical proposition of this sort could be. The assertion that the legislative history is "ambiguous" reflects the reasoning of advocacy, not scholarship. Were it not for the political stakes involved, the argument would not be seriously advanced. *Runyon* is a clear example of the Supreme Court's writing a new statute in the guise of interpreting an old one. Gewirtz would argue that, in this instance at least, Congress has effectively ratified the law thus made by the Court. On this view, democratic proprieties are observed.

There remains a political difficulty. To a significant extent, today's civil rights claims rest on laws whose prospects of passage in the normal fashion, as an original proposition, were nonexistent when the Supreme Court intervened and might be problematic today. That 211 members of Congress signed a brief urging the Court not to leave the legislative branch to do its own legislating may be explained in part by their doubts as to whether the revised Civil Rights Act of 1866 could make it through Congress in 1988. The harm done by stare decisis in the case of *Runyon* is that, for fear of the result, we continue to avoid entrusting urgent political issues to democratic resolution. The issues will not be settled until we are ready to take them on ourselves.

ANDREW KULL
Atlanta, Georgia

THE LIES OF TNR

To the editors:

My explanation of the George Bush joke was about the same length as Rick Lyman's prizewinner, ("A Mystery Solved," October 17), so of course I didn't enter it in TNR's contest, with its exacting requirement "under 50 words." How odd that TNR's editors, who week after week heap scorn on the intellectual inconsistencies and moral inadequacies of just about everybody in public life, feel no obligation to honor the contest rule you yourselves established. You even have the gall to praise the winner "for combining most of the . . . elements" of the other entries, which is easy to do if the "under 50 words" rule is ignored.

When it comes to lies, Bush, Meese, and Deaver have nothing on you guys.

M. C. BECK
Ypsilanti, Michigan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

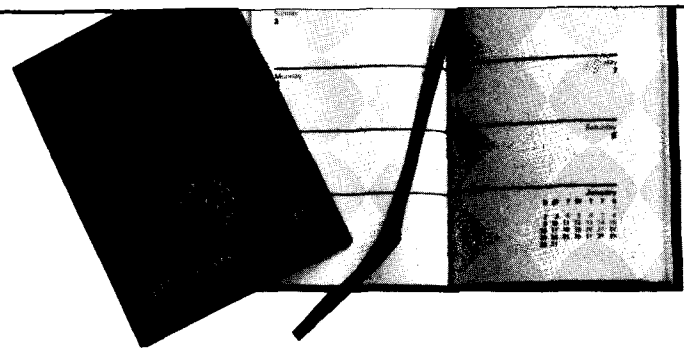
TRB, *from page 4*

cial paranoia among whites. If that were an unfortunate byproduct of the vivid presentation of some unavoidably central campaign issue, it might be excusable. When it's the spin-off of a highly optional issue manufactured from scratch in the campaign laboratory, the excuse that racial innuendo was not intended is hard to stomach.

The *Washington Post*, in an editorial pooh-poohing the racism charge, notes that Massachusetts was, after all, "the only state that furloughed prisoners sentenced to life without parole, and . . . for 11 years Mr. Dukakis supported that policy." Pointing this out isn't racist, the *Post* argues. True enough. But merely pointing out the flaws in state prison furlough policy isn't a brilliant campaign tactic, either.

What brought the furlough issue alive was personalizing it with Willie Horton and making it symbolize something larger. "By the time this election is over, Willie Horton will be a household name," said Bush campaign manager Lee Atwater last summer. Media adviser Roger Ailes told *Time* magazine: "The only question is whether we depict Willie Horton with a knife in his hand or without it." And what was that "something larger"? Well, it's not necessarily race hatred. You hardly have to be a racist to be concerned about crime. But people who play recklessly with powerful symbols (such as the symbol of a black rapist) shouldn't react with hurt innocence if their symbolism runs away with itself.

Suppose Jesse Jackson had won the Democratic nomination and decided to make a fall campaign issue out of insider trading on Wall Street. Not a terrible idea, but a bit narrow and technical. So suppose Jackson strategists decided to broaden it into a "values" issue of "Reagan era greed." Fair enough. Now suppose they decided to "personalize" it by focusing on Ivan Boesky. Suppose that in speeches and commercials on TV every day Jackson was denouncing "greedy New York and Beverly Hills financiers like Boesky, Levine, Israel, and Milken" who "suck the lifeblood from loyal, hardworking Americans" like "John and Christine Smith of Youngstown, Ohio." At what point would you say that this "values" issue was tapping into values that are all too deeply rooted? How long would the Republicans refrain from pointing this out? Not until the end of October, that's for sure. □



Announcing The New Republic 1989 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only $8.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to non-subscribers is $10.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just $8.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers, for a Limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery).

□ I am a subscriber, $8.95

□ I am *not* a subscriber, $10.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Keep Out

WITH THE arrogance of the childless, I used to think that journalists who write about their kids are guilty of child abuse. They are worse even than politicians, the other great offenders: unlike embarrassments uttered on the stump, journalists' indiscretions are committed to paper, so the poor kids can actually read them at some point in their lives and feel mortified and exploited. Well, having just had a baby myself, I'm a bit more sympathetic to the publicizing urge. I'd love to effuse about my son here, and though I won't, it's obvious to me why so many succumb. Leave aside the fact that one's child is such an amazing creature. The kid is also so time-consuming that if you write for a living, you're bound to turn to baby when material gets thin. But even in my new latitudinarian mood, I think there are limits. One of them is this: if you're going to write about your kids, the subject can't be their need for privacy. Not surprisingly, this rampart of principle has just been breached by Anna Quindlen, whose thirtysomething column for the *New York Times* weekly shares with thousands of readers the antics of her two young sons (and now another innocent victim is on the way). Blissfully unaware of the contradiction, she recently devoted her space to self-congratulatory marveling over how her firstborn "is not and never has been mine. He belongs to himself." If so, mother ought to tell him about his right to remain on deep background.

BIOGRAPHERS are the other great invaders of privacy, and lately they've been encountering more obstacles than usual. I'm working on a biography myself, but the enterprise has not made me a crusader for free access. On the contrary, it's given me a bad conscience, which is why I welcome what seems to be a growing trend. J. D. Salinger's battle to block Ian Hamilton's biography was only the most celebrated instance: biographees, or their relatives, are suddenly striking back. Unfortunately, the new protectiveness more often than not has an ironic consequence. In the name of securing privacy, a flurry of publicity is generated. Salinger was thrust back into the limelight, as the media went ahead and quoted from precisely the letters Hamilton was barred from quoting. The successful efforts of Stephen Joyce, James Joyce's grandson, to excise an epilogue about Joyce's schizophrenic daughter, Lucia, from a recent biography of Nora Joyce inevitably caused a stir—maybe more of a stir than the epilogue itself would have. There's something equally self-defeating about the current flap over an edition of John Cheever's uncollected stories. After signing a contract for the book with a small publisher, Academy Chicago, Cheever's widow and children have now gone to court to stop its appearance, on the grounds that it includes some early stories he wouldn't want republished. Thanks to the commotion, the stories have attracted special attention. At the American Booksellers Association convention, a preview booklet of the stories quickly became a coveted souvenir when the Cheever lawyers slapped a sticker on each announcing "This sampler is not authorized by the family of John Cheever." According to the *Washington Post*, rare booksellers are now peddling it for $25 to $45.

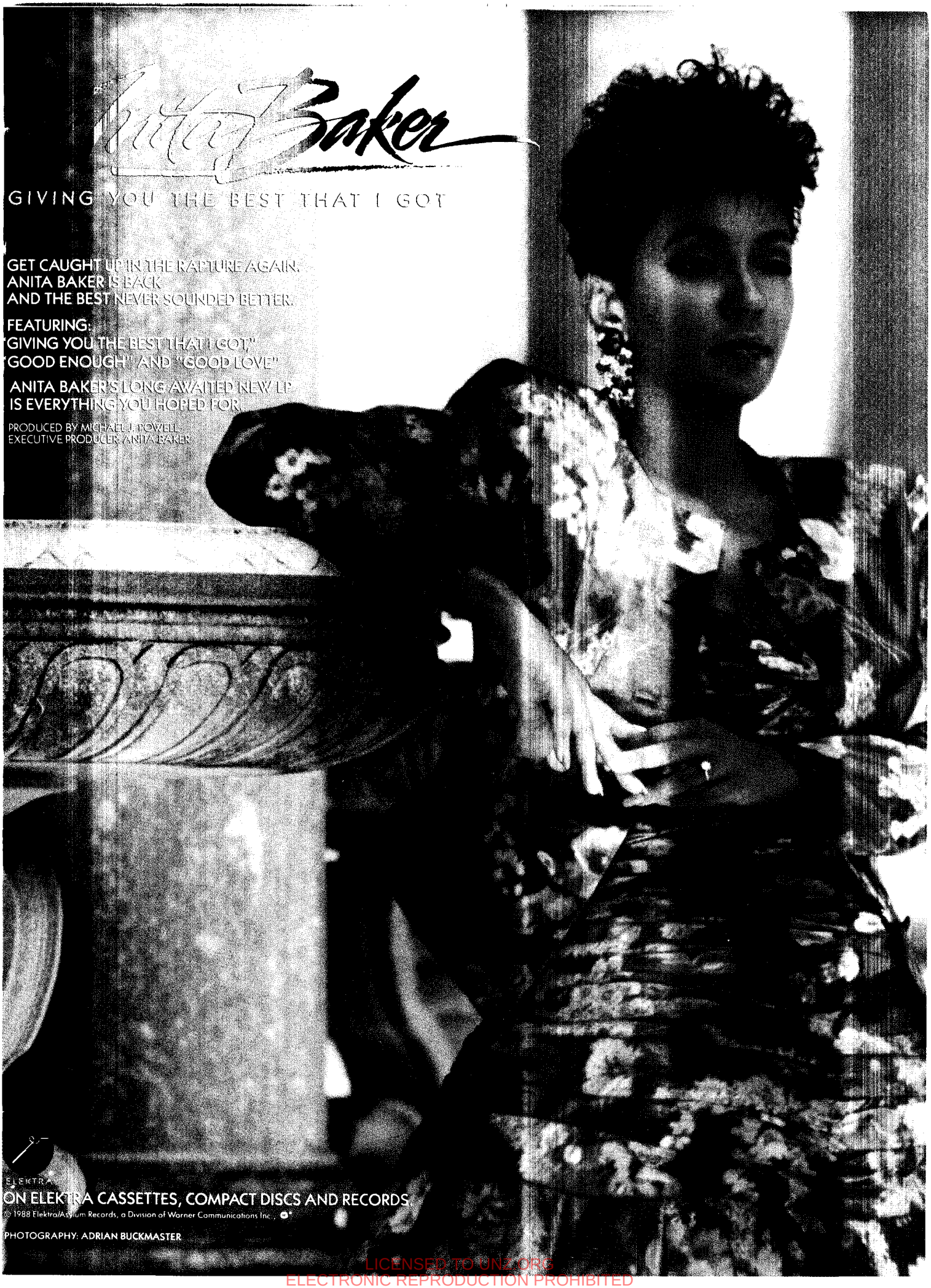
IT'S NOT clear how serious Cheever's relatives are about discretion anyway (Academy Chicago claims they want to back out only because they belatedly realized they could have gotten a much bigger advance from a bigger publisher)—certainly not as serious as Joyce's are. To the horror of the scholarly world, Stephen Joyce recently announced that he had destroyed all of his and his wife's correspondence with Lucia. That's my idea of a purist. The Cheevers have a rather different philosophy of privacy, to judge by the galley I just received of *The Letters of John Cheever*, edited by his son. On the book's first page, in the acknowledgments, Benjamin Cheever nonchalantly lets drop that Ned Rorem "told me, among other things, that for my father, orgasm was always accompanied by a vision of sunshine, or flowers." Talk about parent abuse: I wonder how Cheever's son thinks this revelation compares with the republication of some sub-par stories.

FOR THOSE who aren't up to thwarting biographers by feeding papers to the flames, there is another tactic, which Mrs. Cheever discovered. Approve only the most prosaic of biographers, and trust that the resulting ponderous tome will pique no one's interest. Scott Donaldson's recent *John Cheever: A Biography* fills the bill. The workmanlike life is, as Mary Cheever told the *Post* with satisfaction, "dull. I knew it would be dull. That's why I let him do it." Graham Greene has carried the same tactic to a truly inspired extreme, approving a multivolume work that has already been more than a decade in the making and has almost killed its author. Norman Sherry has been toiling on a biography of Greene for 11 years now, making the rest of us look like dabblers. He doesn't bother his subject, but instead has scrupulously re-enacted Greene's travels around the world—catching various dangerous diseases along the way. After 1,500 pages, Sherry is only up to 1939—not even half done. The perfect pace, from the point of view of a reluctant subject. And the content sounds ideally soporific: "He won't deal with my marriage in depth or anything, and he won't deal with other relationships that have followed," Greene gloated in an interview. So much for the human factor.

BEST OF ALL, of course, is to have scholars poring over your texts rather than peering into your life. My favorite literary story of the season is the recent controversy over the "Corrected Text" of *Ulysses* that appeared in 1986, which has sent scholars scrambling back to the book. After two years of green-eyeshade work, one scholar, John Kidd, has demonstrated that the new volume, which claims to correct thousands of errors, in fact commits countless travesties on Joyce's authorized text. Imagine the theses to be written around the outrages that Kidd has uncovered: the name H. Thrift should not have been changed to H. Shrift; Conolly Norman was correctly spelled with one "n," etc. Stephen Joyce should rejoice: this stuff is light years away from Lucia. And Joyce himself would doubtless be amused—though not as amused as he was by a dissertation, occasioned by the first edition of *Ulysses* published in this country, which was sent to him by his editor Saxe Commins at Random House (who told this story to Stanley Kauffmann). A diligent scholar had devoted his entire thesis to a line that went something like, "He took out his cock and looked at the time," plumbing it for reverberations on the themes of mortality, sex, etc. Marvelous, said Joyce—but it was a misprint, he explained: the correct spelling was "clock."

ANN HULBERT

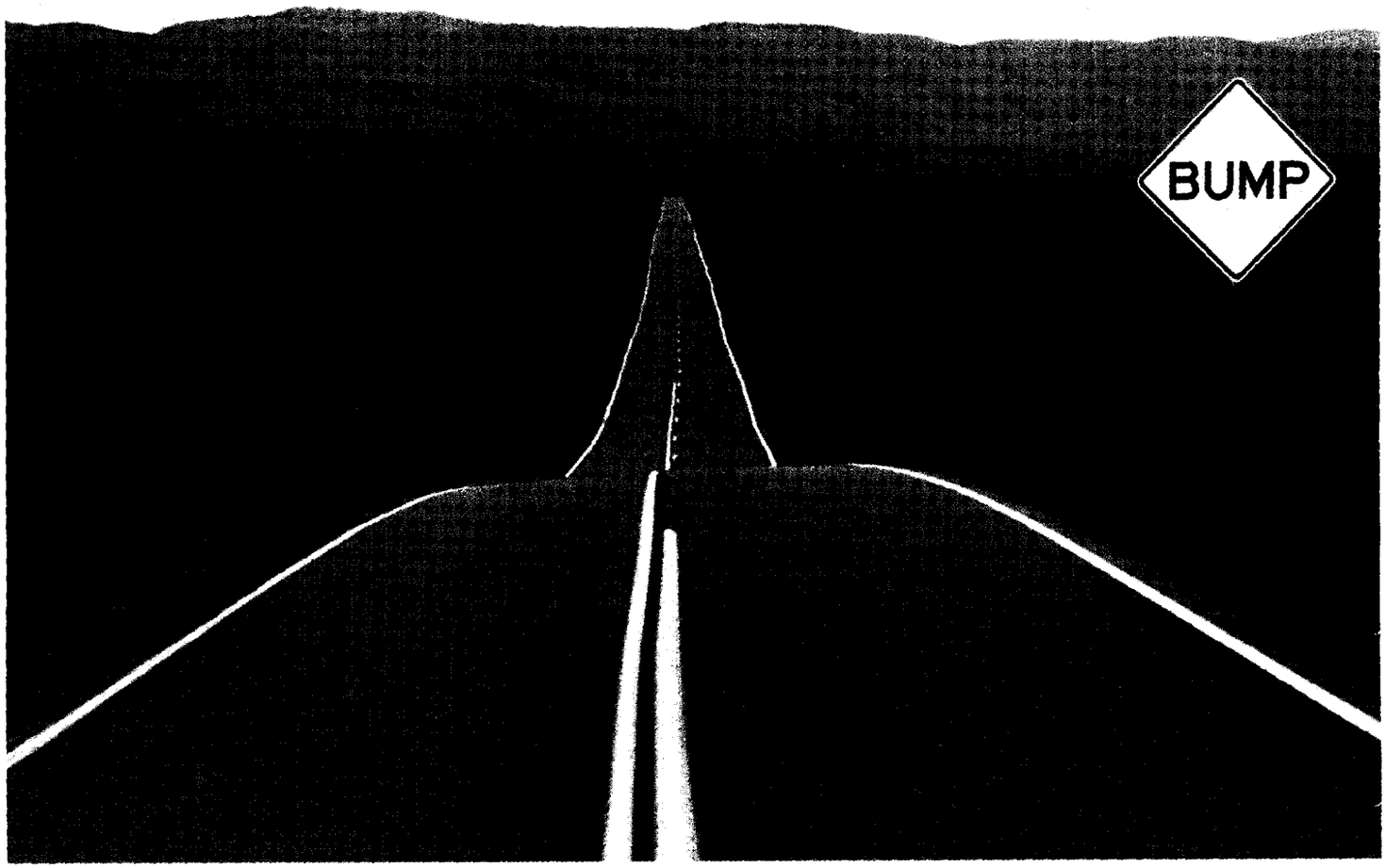
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Anita Baker
GIVING YOU THE BEST THAT I GOT
GET CAUGHT UP IN THE RAPTURE AGAIN.
ANITA BAKER IS BACK
AND THE BEST NEVER SOUNDED BETTER.
FEATURING:
"GIVING YOU THE BEST THAT I GOT,"
"GOOD ENOUGH" AND "GOOD LOVE"
ANITA BAKER'S LONG AWAITED NEW LP
IS EVERYTHING YOU HOPED FOR.
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL J. POWELL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ANITA BAKER
ELEKTRA
ON ELEKTRA CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS AND RECORDS.
© 1988 Elektra/Asylum Records, a Division of Warner Communications Inc.
PHOTOGRAPHY: ADRIAN BUCKMASTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW WE SEE THE TAX REFORM PROBLEM.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



It's not the first bump in the road. And it's certainly not the last.

At the CIGNA companies, our financial planning doesn't begin or end with the most recent changes in the tax law. Not because we think they're insignificant. But because we know they must be looked at in the context of an entire financial plan.

A long-term plan.

A plan that's designed not only for today. But also for many years down the road from today.

Which is why before we look at possible solutions, we look at you. Your present needs. And your future goals. Because we know it's only then that we can determine whether your needs require asset accumulation, tax planning, fringe benefit planning, business continuity or estate planning.

And because we work with you *and* your advisors, we're able to map out a plan that works for your particular needs.

To find out how our approach to financial planning could benefit you, please write us at CIGNA Companies, Department R13, One Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

Financial planning that takes into account all of life's little ups and downs.

It's just one more example of CIGNA's commitment to personalized service.

CIGNA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED